

1915

1915 Kooltuo

Central Washington University

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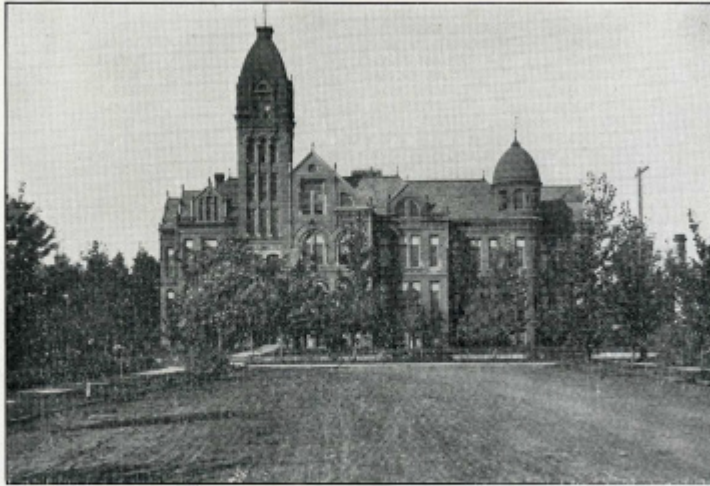




Nineteen Fifteen
Kooltuo

Published Annually
by the
Associated Students
of the
**WASHINGTON
STATE NORMAL
SCHOOL**

ELLENSBURG, WASHINGTON
VOLUME NINE



SCHOOL SONG

Tune: "Anvil Chorus."

FIRST VERSE:

Let the glad spirit in voices uplifted
Repeat to the echo what true heart are feeling.
Pledge our dear Normal whose children are gifted
With loyal devotion our hearts thus revealing.
Our hearts thus revealing.

CHORUS:

Hail! Hail! Hail! Thy fame rings from our hearts and voices.
Cheer, Boys, Cheer! The school whose crimson waves for courage
Sons and daughters all shall sing this song to thee.
We'll e'er be loyal to our dear Normal.
To Washington all hail!

SECOND VERSE:

See the brave pennant, the crimson of courage,
How brightly it gleams when a message it's sending.
Daughters and sons of our dear Alma Mater,
All hail to the crimson! Have courage unending—
Have courage unending.

FOREWORD

It has been the purpose of the Staff of 1915 to present truly and attractively the different phases of Normal school life. Should the resulting Kooltuo meet with favor among its readers, the Staff will feel that it has accomplished its purpose.





Miss Clara Meisner

Dedication

*The Associated Students of the Washington
State Normal School dedicate the
Kooltuo of 1915 to*

Miss Clara Meisner

*in recognition of the high service she renders
our school, her wider interests in state, nation-
al and international education and especially
her fine qualities as a woman.*

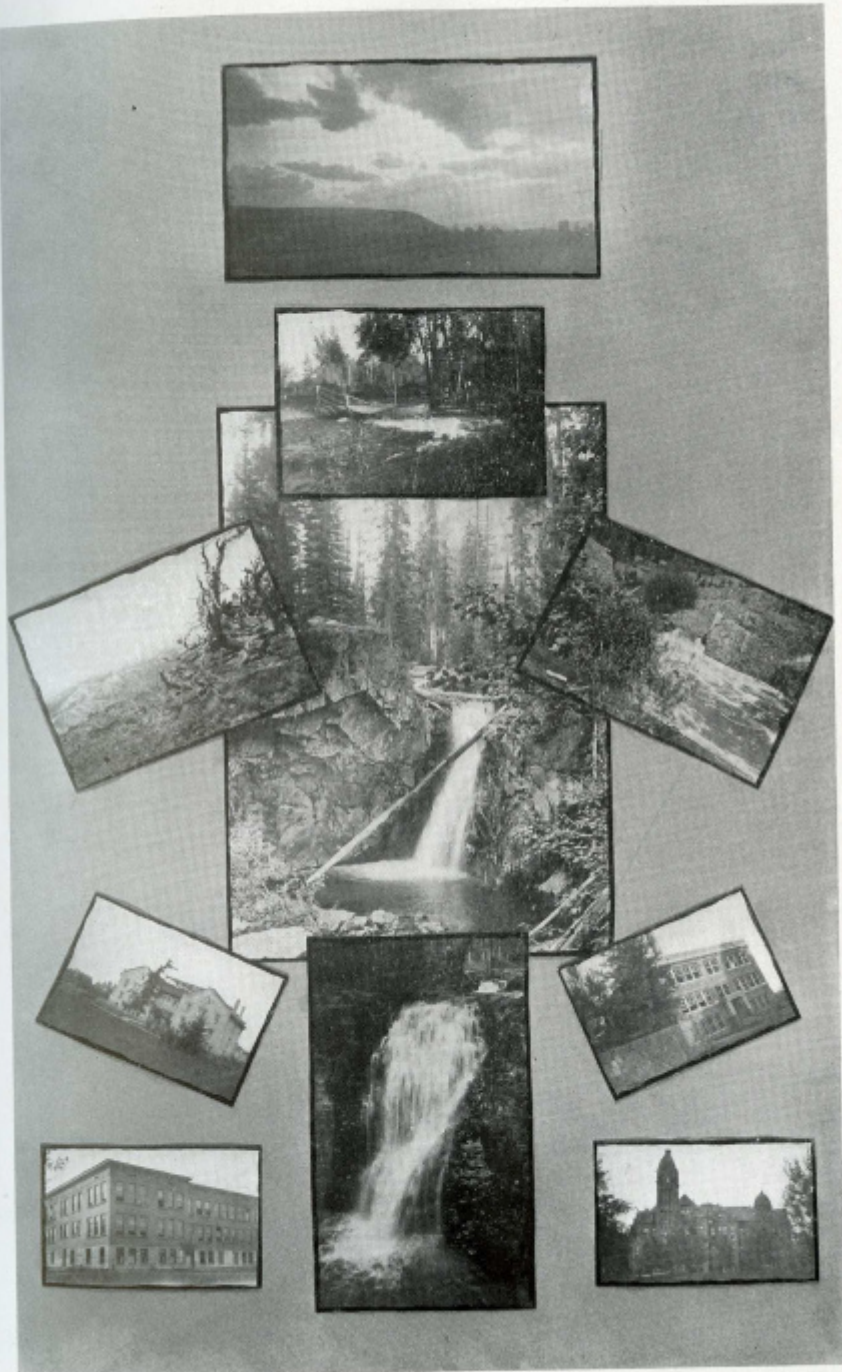
THE ENCHANTED CANYON

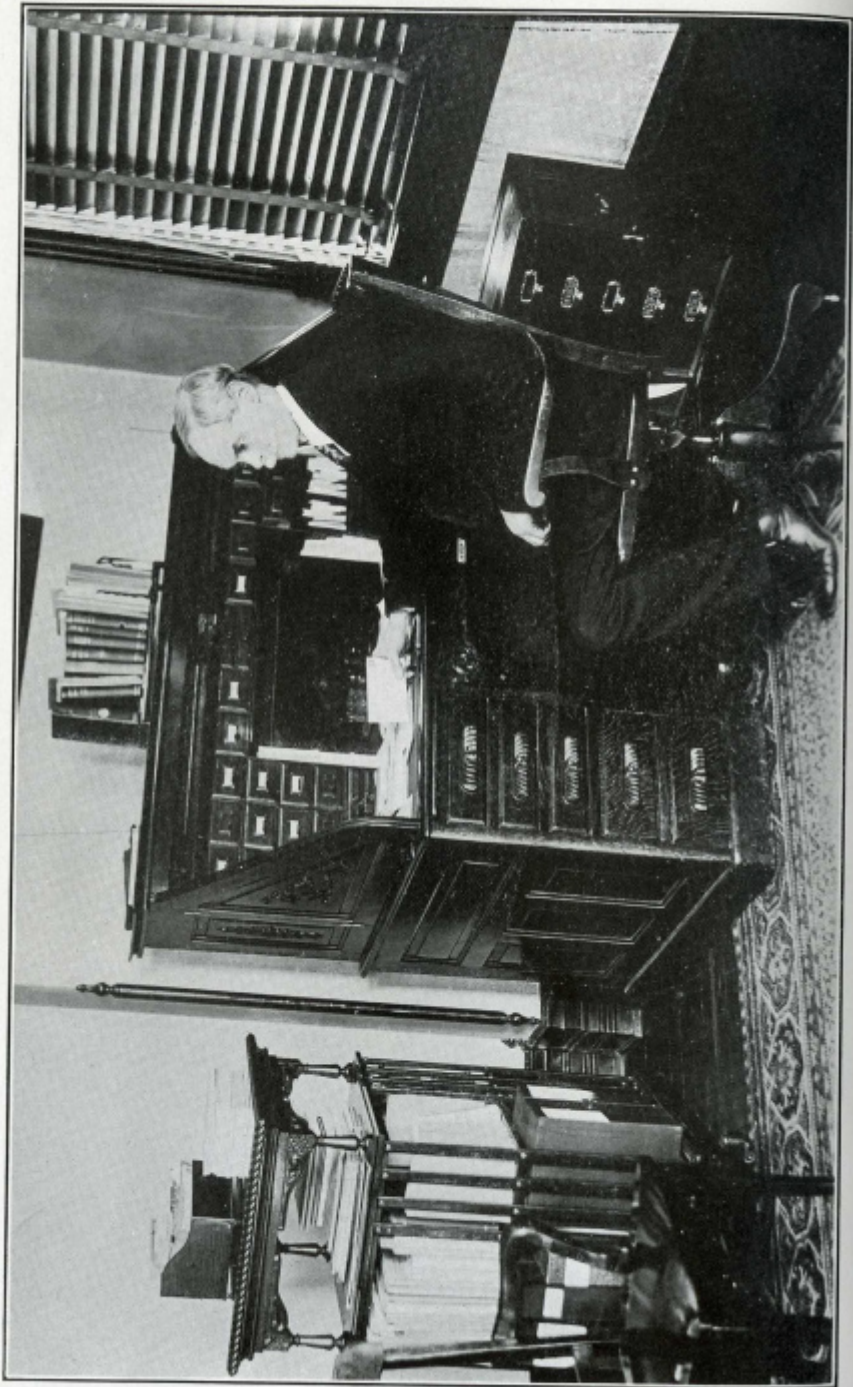
*Have you not seen these rolling hills,
Touched by an Unseen Hand,
Throw off their robes of glistening white
And smile back upon the land?*

*Have you not seen those walls of rock
Painted in every hue,
Stretch wide to let you enter in,
Then close as you passed thru?*

*Have you not seen the rivulet,
Gush from the mountain side;
Glide in and out amid the bowers
Where moss and violets hide?*

—Olive Jenkins, '14.





Sketch of Principal Wilson's Life

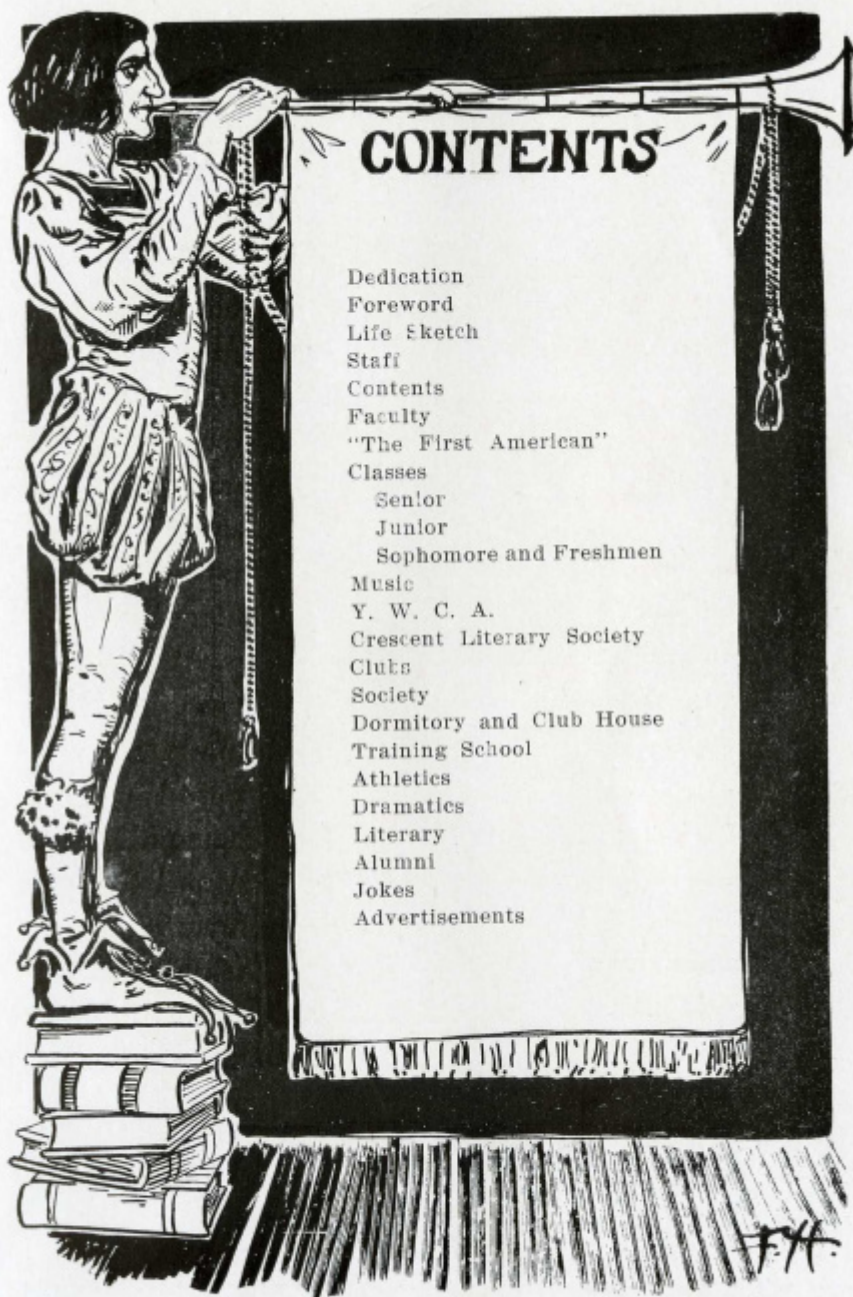
Born and lived until eighteen years old on a farm among the hills of Pennsylvania. Learned spelling, ciphering, reading and writing in a log school house and the shorter catechism at home on Sunday afternoons; this latter with the consciousness that there was a longer catechism.

"Debuted" into the world in pursuit of an education and a career at nineteen, finding it a cool place but full of kind hearted people. Taught district schools, attended the Edinboro State Normal School and Jamestown Seminary, and was graduated from the Marshall College State Normal School of West Virginia. Became for a year a teacher in this institution. Obtained the A. B. degree from Monmouth College, Illinois, and became Professor of Natural Science in the Nebraska State Normal School at Peru. After two years' service spent one year in travel in Europe and a winter in the University of Edinburg.

Taught Latin and Science in Morgan Park Military Academy, Chicago one year; served as principal of schools at North Platte, later at Brownville, and became in 1881 Professor of Natural Sciences in Coe College at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. In 1884 went to Providence as Professor of Physics and Biological Sciences in the Rhode Island Normal School, and in 1892 became principal of this institution. Came to Ellensburg in 1898.

KOOLTUO STAFF

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	<i>Katherine Stewart</i>
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<i>Alumni</i>	<i>Hazel Waite</i>
<i>Jokes</i>	<i>Marvin Shelton</i>



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Registrar and Trustees' Secretary

ZILLAH R. HEDGER
Secretary

THE FIRST AMERICAN

Any one in this land of the free and the home of the brave who deserves the above title mentioned by Lowell in one of his poems must have strength in many lines. He must be strongly intellectual. Hamilton, of whom Webster once said, "He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprang upon its feet," was a thinker, yet he was not the first American. He must be a statesman. George Washington showed his ability in this line, not only on the battle field, or as chief executive, but even at Valley Forge. Yet Washington from Lowell's point of view does not deserve the title. He must be a man of faith. Nathan Hale was so faithful to his country that he was willing to die for it. Hear him as he says, "I regret that I have but one life to give to my country." Still Nathan Hale could not be considered first among Americans. He must be a soldier. Montgomery, who turned to his men, before the battle of Quebec and said, "Men of New York, you will not fear to follow, where your commander leads," was a true soldier and patriot. Lee and Pickett, and even Arnold, could be classed as American soldiers, yet none of these could be given the title "The First American."

Who is the first American and from whence does he come? He is not found in Massachusetts with William Lloyd Garrison, Wendall Phillips or James G. Whittier. Not from New York with her Horace Greeley or her Peter Cooper. Not from Louisiana with her Zachary Taylor; not from Tennessee with her Andrew Jackson; nor from California with her Leland Stanford; nor from the "Mother of Presidents" with Madison and Monroe; not even from the great state of Ohio with the names of the lamented McKinley and Garfield; but from the state that gave us a John A. Logan, the Black Eagle of the Rebellion, that gave us a Grant, who by his indomitable will broke the back bone of the Rebellion. From the Prairie state of the West, Illinois, we have our first American—Abraham Lincoln. "On the record of thy years Abraham Lincoln's name appears, Grant and Logan and our tears, Illinois, Illinois."

Abraham Lincoln was a writer of choice English. Edward Everett had delivered a two hour oration on the Battlefield of Gettysburg, but after he had heard Lincoln's ten sentences he said, "I would be glad to exchange." This and many other examples could be given of his ability as a writer but this has not given him the first place.

Lincoln was clever in the use of wit. Douglas once said that Lincoln reminded him of the scripture which says, "O, Lord, how long." Lincoln answered by saying that Douglas reminded him of the passage which says, "The wicked shall be cut short in his day." We are sadly mistaken if we suppose that Lincoln was a humorist. He was intensely serious. He often said, "I must tell stories or I shall explode." When he was asked to indulge in stories while debating Douglas, he said, "I cannot, the occasion is too serious."

Lincoln is often called the emancipator, and there can be no question about his hatred of slavery, yet his paramount thought was the preservation of the Union. He was not first because of his policy of the emancipation of the slaves, but rather because of his determination in preserving the Union.

In an effort to learn the qualities of his life that made him so strong as a man and executive, students of history scarcely agree. Many, however, agree on four characteristics that stand out prominently. They are simplicity, sympathy, energy, and honesty. These are simple virtues, yet they will make famous any one who bears them worthily.

The simplicity of his birth is well known. Born as he was in a rude hut in Kentucky, which had the ground for a floor, a thatched roof for a covering, one could expect to find in such surroundings no one but a person who enjoyed the simple life. This simplicity won the common

people. While the aristocracy of Europe was laughing at the state papers of the backwoods graduate he always answered, "The people will understand," and he was never mistaken.

His deep sympathy was one of his chief qualities. While going down the streets of Springfield during the years when he was a prominent attorney, he saw a young woman crying. He paused and learned that the train she wanted to take was due in five minutes, and the drayman had failed to come for her trunk. Lincoln placing the trunk on his shoulder bade the young woman hurry and with Lincoln in the lead she made her connections.

Lincoln's energy is no less noticeable. He was twenty years old when he had read four books:—Weem's Life of Washington, The History of the United States, Pilgrims Progress, and the Bible. It was his energy that caused him to overcome his many difficulties. Paul said emphatically, "This one thing I do"; Lincoln with equal energy made clear the purpose of his life when he said, "The Union must be preserved."

The honesty of the first American is quite prominent. It is not generally known that Lincoln took back \$250.00 which he said was an overcharge, although his partner claimed it was paid willingly. Douglas said before beginning the debates, "Lincoln is as shrewd as he is honest, and if I beat him my victory will be dearly won."

Caesar lived, and we have a Roman Empire; Socrates lived, and we have a Graecian philosophy; Napoleon lived, and his footstep caused Europe to tremble; Washington lived, and with a handful of troops he laid the foundation of a great nation; Lincoln lived, at a time when seventy million people were separated into contesting groups, state against state, family against family, and he united them into the greatest nation on the face of the earth. Had the chief executive of this nation been a man with flexible will or with less strength of purpose we might not be enjoying the luxury of a united people as we do today.

When Sherman had completed his march to the sea; when Grant had surrounded Lee at Appomattox and after receiving his sword returned it with the statement, "Let us have peace;" when the stars and stripes that had not been unfurled to the breezes for four and one half years were again floating over Fort Sumpter unmolested; when the war cloud had been lifted and the sunshine of universal love and peace was spreading its benediction over all the earth, then it was that the shot at Ford's theatre sent a chill of horror through the whole nation. Willing hands lifted the first American and bore him across the street to a house that still stands in Washington, where he lingered all night. When the bright rays of the sun on the following morning had kissed the hilltops and was scattered on the grass in the valleys, then it was that the spirit of the Man of Sorrows crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees. Stanton, who stood by his bedside, turned from the scene and with tears in his eyes exclaimed, "There lies the man of the age."

Is Lincoln dead? Ask the Grand Army of the Republic, whose hats come off at the mention of his name. Is Lincoln dead? Ask the three million slaves whose shackles fell at a stroke from his pen. Is Lincoln dead? Ask the thirty million school children who will appreciate his great achievement in the future more than we do today.

Our purpose should be to take a new inspiration from the life of Abraham Lincoln and "Be noble and the nobleness in other men, sleeping but never dead will rise in majesty to meet our own."

ing but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet our own."

—E. J. Klemme.





LAURA MAGILL, Tacoma, Wn.

"Life is too short to hustle."
Entered from Tacoma High School.
Treble Clef, 1915.
Pierce County Club, 1914-'15.
Dormitory House President, 1914.



ELISE LUFF, Ellensburg, Wn.

"True as a needle to the pole."
Entered from Ellensburg High
School.
Crescent Literary Society.



LENA PALIN, Tacoma, Wn.

"Better happy than wise."
Entered from Tacoma High School.
Crescent Literary Society.
Y. W. C. A., 1914-'15.
Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Sumner
Conference, '14.
Kooltuo Reporter, 1915.
Pierce County Club.
"Mice and Men" Play, 1915.



KATHLEEN CORBETT, Huntsville, Wn.

"Nothing is difficult to the willing
mind."
Entered from Waitsburg High School.

BEATRICE GRIFFIN, Tacoma, Wn.

"Like angel visits, few and far between."

Entered from Tacoma High School.
Associate Editor of Kooltuo, 1911.
Pierce County Club.
Y. W. C. A.



EMMA PAULINE BUEGE, Chehalis, Wn.

"A maiden, shy and demure is she,
but always happy as she can be."

Entered from Bellingham Normal School.

Crescent Literary Society.

Junior Reporter of the 1914 Kooltuo.

Vice President of the Student Body, 1914.



KATHLEEN A. LYNCH, Tacoma, Wn.

"That one small head could carry
all she knows."

Entered from Tacoma High School.
Kooltuo Reporter, 1911 and 1915.

Pierce County Club.

"Mice and Men" Play, 1915.



FRED HAYES, Grandview, Wn.

"Take time for deliberation; haste
spills everything."

Entered from the University of Washington.

Kooltuo Reporter, 1915.

President of the Student Body, 1915.

"Mice and Men" Play, 1915.





JUANITA DIXON, Ellensburg, Wn.

"The hand that has made you fair
has made you good."
Entered from Ellensburg High
School.



JENNIE ERICKSON, Puyallup, Wn.

"If a good face is a letter of recom-
mendation, a good heart is a let-
ter of credit."
Entered from Tacoma High School.
Crescent Literary Society.
Y. W. C. A.
Pierce County Club.



FLORENCE OSBORN, Seattle, Wn.

"Let the world slide."
Entered from University of Wash-
ington.
Crescent Literary Society.
Y. W. C. A.



BYRL GWIN, Oakville, Wn.

"So much one man can do,
That does both act and know."
Entered from Oakville High School.
Baseball, 1911-'12.
Basketball, 1914-'15.
Eclectic Literary Society.
President of the Student Body, 1915.
Kooltuo Reporter, 1915.
"Mice and Men" Play, 1915.

MIRRIEL B. WATKINS, Tacoma, Wn.

"For there's music in the air."

Entered from Aquinas Academy,
Tacoma.

Treble Clef, 1913-'14-'15.

Pierce County Club.

Kooltuo Reporter, 1915.



HELENA JENKINS, Puyallup, Wn.

"Good things are done up in small
packages."

Entered from Puyallup High School.

Treble Clef, 1913-'14-'15.

Crescent Literary Society.

Pierce County Club.



JENNIE ROSE, North Yakima, Wn.

"When she had passed it seemed
like the passing of exquisite
music."

Entered from Hicksville High School,
Hicksville, Ohio.

President of Crescent Literary So-
ciety, 1914.

Y. W. C. A.

President of Student Body, 1914.



BLANCHE RUTT, Selah, Wn.

"The mildest manners with the
bravest mind."

Entered from North Yakima High
School.

Eclectic Literary Society.





BESSIE WEYTHMAN, Monitor, Wn.

"I am in earnest. I will not excuse.
I will not retreat a single inch;
and I will be heard!"

Entered from Annie Wright Seminary, Tacoma.

Eclectic Literary Society.

Y. W. C. A.

Dormitory House President, 1915.

"Mice and Men" Play, 1915.



IRENE HAWKES, Buckley, Wn.

"A maiden, never bold of spirit, still
and quiet."

Entered from Sumner High School.
Pierce County Club.



KATHERINE STEWART, Tacoma, Wn.

"Much may be done with a Scotchman
if he be caught young."

Entered from Tarkio College, Tarkio, Mo.

President of Y. W. C. A., 1914-'15.

Crescent Literary Society.

Editor of Kooltuo, 1915.

Pierce County Club.



LOUISE FOULL, Ellensburg, Wn.

"Still constant is a wondrous excellence."

Entered from St. Benedict's Academy, Chicago, Ill.

Crescent Literary Society.

Orchestra, 1914-15.

AGNES, SMITH, Lester, Wn.

"She is as sunny and bright as her hair."

Entered from Aquinas Academy, Tacoma.

Crescent Literary Society.

Orchestra, 1914-'15.



OTTO C. EIDAL, Ellensburg, Wn.

"We know him well, no need of praise."

Entered from Ellensburg High School.

President of Student Body, 1914.

Eclectic Literary Society.

Treasurer of Junior Class 1913-'14.

"Mice and Men" Play, 1915.



DORA ERMINA BURCH, Ellensburg, Wn.

"A cheerful look makes a dish a feast."

Entered from Ellensburg High School.



MABEL SNEIDER, Tacoma, Wn.

"As merry as the day is long."

Entered from Tacoma High School.
Pierce County Club.

"Mice and Men" Play, 1915.





CLARA ROE, Easton, Wn.

"She is quiet and unassuming with
a nature kind and true."
Entered from Bellingham Normal
School.



NORA INGLIS, Enumclaw, Wn.

"A smile on her lip and a tear in
her eye."
Entered from Auburn High School.
Crescent Literary Society.
Y. W. C. A.



GEORGIA SCHOFIELD, Montesano, Wn.

"Sunlight shines from her face,
The sunshine from her hair."
Entered from Montesana High
School.



BENNETTA HOOVER, Sunnyside, Wn.

"To teach or to marry,—that is the
question."
Entered from Sunnyside High School.

BERNEICE DILLON, Pendleton, Oregon.

"I'm Irish. I love to wind my mouth
up, I love to hear it go."

Entered from Penileton High
School.

Associate Editor of Kooltuo and
Outlook, 1914-'15.

Crescent Literary Society.

Y. W. C. A.

Secretary of Student Body.



RUTH EIDE, Tacoma, Wn.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream."

Entered from Tacoma High School.



CHESTER TURNER, Outlook, Wn.

"Nature might stand up and say to
all the world, this is a man."

Entered from Sunnyside High School.
Basketball, 1912-'13-'14.

Basketball Manager, 1913-'14.

Editor-in-Chief of Outlook, 1914.

Business Manager of Outlook, 1914.

Associate Editor of Kooltuo, 1914.

President of Junior Class, 1913.

Junior Play, 1913.

Senior Play, 1914.

Crescent Literary Society.



ORA DAVIS, Union, Oregon.

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans
in any market."

Entered from Union High School.





LUCY E. GOBLE, Sunnyside, Wn.

"The tho't of duty well performed
shall wing thy hours."

Entered from Sunnyside High School.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
Crescent Literary Society.



LESSIE HICKS, Ellensburg, Wn.

"Her presence drives away dull
care
And laughter 'bounds, where once
despair."

Entered from Ellensburg High
School.
Secretary of Associated Students,
1914-'15.



NELLIE C. LONG, Yakima, Wn.

"And here I am to speak what I do
know."

Entered from Training School.
Eclectic Literary Society.
Y. W. C. A.



VIOLA WILLEY, North Yakima, Wn.

"Be sure you're right, then go
ahead."

Entered from North Yakima High
school.
Y. W. C. A.

GRACE KELLY, Centralia, Wn.

"She was a scholar and a right good one."

Entered from Chehalis High School.
President of Associated Students,
Class Historian, 1915.
Crescent Literary Society.

SELMA WALGHREN, Everett, Wn.

"Wisely and slow,—they stumble
that run fast."

Entered from Kansas City High
School.
Crescent Literary Society.

DAVID SLOAN, Sealy, Texas.

"Man delights me not, no, nor wo-
man either."

Entered from Fairmont College,
Wichita, Kan.
Outlook Staff, 1914.
Basketball, 1914-'15.
"Mice and Men" Play, 1915.

MARY C. PARTLON, Buckley, Wn.

"To those who know thee not, no
words can paint.

To those who know thee, know all
words are faint."

Entered from Buckley High School.





HAZEL WAITE, Tacoma, Wn.

"He who is firm and resolute in will
moulds the world to himself."
Entered from Tacoma High School.
Crescent Literary Society.
Y. W. C. A.
Associate Editor of Kooltuo, 1913.
Kooltuo Reporter, 1915.
Pierce County Club, 1914-'15.



EVA CLABAUGH, Edmonds, Wn.

"Married?—Not yet, but——"
Entered W. S. N. S. High School
Department.
Orchestra, 1914-'15.
Treble Clef, 1913-'14-'15.
President Fugay Tennis Club.
Dormitory House President, 1915.



MARY HUNTLEY, Centralia, Wn.

"There is nothing like fun, is there?
I haven't any myself but I do like
it in others."
Entered from Centralia High School.
Secretary of Senior Class, 1915.
Kooltuo Staff, 1913.
"Mice and Men" Play, 1915.



HELEN F. HUNTER, Walla Walla, Wn.

"And still her tongue ran on."
Entered from Walla Walla High
School.
Treble Clef, 1914-'15.
President of Crescent Literary So-
ciety, 1914.
Kooltuo Reporter, 1915.
Dormitory House President, 1914.
Y. W. C. A.
"Mice and Men" Play, 1915.

MARGARET CHAMBERS, Sunnyside, Wn.

"As firm as faith."

Entered from Sunnyside High School.

Vice President of Student Body,
1915.

Y. W. C. A.



MRS. MORRIS, Franklin, Neb.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness
and all her paths are peace."

Entered from Nebraska State Nor-
mal, Peru, Neb.

Crescent Literary Society.



H. GLENN HOGUE, Ellensburg, Wn.

"Every man is a volume if you know
how to read him."

Entered from Madison High School,
Maine.

President of Student Body, 1914.
Basketball, 1914.



ANNA BELL, North Yakima, Wn.

"She is made to be the admiration of
all, but the happiness of one."

Entered from North Yakima High
School.

President of Senior Class, 1914-'15.
Treble Clef, 1914-'15.

Kooltuo Reporter, 1913.

"Mice and Men" Play, 1915.





JESSID CLAY, Shelton, Wn.

"For she that once is good, is ever
great."

Entered from Shelton High School.



LOIS FISHER, Du Pont, Wn.

"So earnest, so modest, and withal
so sweet."

Entered from Tacoma High School.
Pierce County Club.

Y. W. C. A.



CLAUDE C. WATKINS, Porter, Wn.

"Everybody likes a self-made man."

Entered from Training School.

President of Associated Students,
1913-'14.

Basketball, 1913-'14-'15.



GRACE ROGERS, Tacoma, Wn.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy
toil

O'er books consum'd the midnight
oil?"

Entered from University of Puget
Sound, Tacoma.

ELSIE COOK, Grandview, Wn.

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained."
Entered from Oregon Agricultural
College,
Orchestra, 1914-'15.

MARTHA BURBANK, North Yakima, Wn.

"She has common sense in a way
that is uncommon."
Entered from North Yakima High
School.

HENRY GIBSON, Ellensburg, Wn.

"The word impossible is not in my
dictionary."

ELIZABETH M. DEBUSH, Hoquiam, Wn.

"Let the worst come to the worst."
Entered from Hoquiam High School.





MYRTLE BULL, Auburn, Wn.

"How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman; it is so seldom heard that, when it speaks, it ravishes all senses."

Entered from Auburn High School.
Kooltuo Reporter, 1911.



LILAS CROSS, Poulsbo, Wn.

"Happy am I; from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Entered from Lincoln High School,
Seattle.



NESSA M. MORGAN, Ellensburg, Wn.

"That face of yours looks like the title page of a whole volume of roguery."

Entered from Pratt Collegiate Institute.
Kooltuo Reporter, 1915.



ELLA BERG, North Yakima, Wn.

"She who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare."

Entered W. S. N. S. High School Department.
Treble Clef, 1913-'14-'15.
Secretary of Associated Students, 1913-'14.
Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
Y. W. C. A. Delegate to Seattle, 1915.
Crescent Literary Society.
Editor of Outlook, 1914.

ERMA GAY, Tacoma, Wn.
 "And had a face like a blessing."
 Treble Clef and Double Quartet,
 1914-'15.
 Kooltuo Reporter, 1911.
 Pierce County Club.

RITA CORNETT, North Yakima, Wn.
 "Of surpassing beauty and in the
 bloom of youth."
 Entered from University of Wash-
 ington.

PEGGY CRIM, Ellensburg, Wn.
 "Her air, her manner, all who saw,
 admired."
 Entered from Ballard High School.
 Treble Clef and Double Quartet.
 Basketball, 1911-'13.

NANCY GLENN, Tacoma, Wn.
 "Blest with plain reason and com-
 mon sense."
 Entered from Whitworth College.
 Y. W. C. A.
 House President of Club House, 1914.
 Pierce County Club.

EDITH SMITH, Centralla, Wn.
 "She talks little but does much."
 Entered from Chehalis High School.

MRS. ETHEL MILEY, Walla Walla, Wn.
 "A quiet tongue shows a wise head."
 Entered from Bellingham Normal
 School.

LOUISE SCHNEIDER, Portland, Oregon.
 "Tall and stately."
 Entered from Bellingham Normal
 School.

JURET BROWN, Ellensburg, Wn.
 "I think it is well to be a little re-
 serve."
 Entered Ellensburg Normal School
 1910.

LILLIAN WISE, Prosser, Wn.
 "She's a bonny wee thing."
 Entered from Prosser High School.

SENIOR CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

President.....Anna Bell
 Vice President.....Eva Clabaugh
 Secretary.....Mary Huntley
 Treasurer.....Nessa Morgan

CLASS COLORS

Green and White.

CLASS TEACHERS

Mr. Wilson, Miss Grupe, Dr. Harris, Miss Sellner

CLASS PROPHECY

The class prophecy was given on Class Day by Miss Grace Kelley. Owing to lack of space we have taken the liberty to give only extracts from it:

It was Friday noon and the Seniors were leaving the Education Class. As they passed out there was a confused noise, varying from audible whippers to shrill shouts. The general topic, however, seemed to be, "What are you going to do next year?" I wondered, "What will they be doing next year, and the next, and the next?" The question remained with me as I passed out and sat under the trees on the west side of the building; for in a week school would be over and the class separated, perhaps never to meet in its entirety again.

Suddenly I espied coming toward me the queerest looking conveyance I ever saw. Its movements were so rapid, as to almost eliminate time. I could see no means of locomotion whatever. It seemed too small to contain any passengers, yet a little old man with white hair and a flowing white beard stepped from it.

"I have come in answer to your question," he said. "Step inside and you will soon know."

"Thank you," I said as frigidly as I could to one who had such a kindly face as he. "I am a senior and in a few days will graduate. I would not dare to so risk the dignity of the class as to ride in that queer looking machine with a man of whom I know nothing."

At this he laughed heartily. "Oh, yes, all of you know me. Sometimes you see so much of me that you indulge in blues and homesickness; at others, especially near the end of the quarter, I seem so lacking, that you're nearly distracted. I am Father Time. As for my carriage, it transfers itself from one part of the earth to another almost instantaneously, at my pleasure. It completely annihilates space. Now, don't look mystified, you can't understand it and you never will. You mortals will never be able to conquer space nor time. So step in and ride with me a short distance."

"Where do you stop and how far may I go?" I asked.

"I go to the end of time. Our stations are numbered by years. You may not go beyond nineteen hundred seventy-five."

"I don't care to go that far. If you please, I'll stop at nineteen hundred forty."

"Very well," he said, and instantly I was in a strange land.

"When you have seen all your classmates here, just wish for me and I'll return to transport you any where you wish to go, in fact, I know where each is located," said Father Time, as I left the carriage.

I decided to visit the House of Representatives in Washington, D. C. I sat down in the gallery. The speaker called the House to order with a deafening crash of the gavel. Then she looked bewildered and said: "If Mr. Morgan is in the room, will he please tell me what I ought to do next? I've forgotten my copy of Gregg." Some one rose and said, "Speaker Luff, if you will call upon Representative Dixon of Washington you can find out anything. There's nothing about Parliamentary Practice she doesn't know."

Representative Dixon rose and said, "After reading the minutes, call for a motion to expel all members not interested in the subject of cats. Mrs. Myrtle Katzer (formerly Bull) of Katsikan, the founder and president of the International Society for the Protection of Felines, will speak on 'The Cat as a Congenial Companion.'"

* * * I didn't know just where to go and was wishing for a familiar face, when a hand was laid upon my shoulder and a well-known voice said, "Well, I'm glad to see you again. What are you doing here?"

I looked into the face of Erma Gay and repeated her own question.

"I am pipe-organist in the President's Church," she replied. "They

have been trying to introduce music that borders upon ragtime into the hymn books. The president heard of my destroying all such books in a great bon-fire in Tacoma and sent for me to work a like reform in Washington, D. C."

Seeing no more that would interest me here, I expressed a wish to be removed to some other place. In the same manner as before I was transported to Seattle.

I found Seattle greatly changed so I determined to walk down to Pioneer Square. There, near the Totem Pole stood a huge statue of Glenn Hogue. Near the foot of it these words were inscribed: "In appreciation of the service of our beloved mayor in ridding our city of political graft. June 20, 1939 A. D." From there I went down to the beach with a paper. Looking up after reading my paper a few minutes, I saw a lady whom I knew instantly to be Bee Griffin, though she looked tired and worn.

"Are you ill?" I asked going to her side.

"No," she answered, "I am just resting after my year's work. I am teaching in the Washington University. Besides that I am inspector of note books. You know I always doted upon them and most of the other teachers despise correcting them. I find I can correct everything from the Greek alphabet to medicine by consulting those huge compilations I made at Ellensburg.

* * * Farther down the beach a lady sat under a huge parasol. In her lap lay a pad of paper and a pencil; in her eye a dreamy, far-away look.

"She sits that way for hours, waiting for an inspiration," said Miss Griffin, "but it's worth while, for Ora Davis is one of the best poets of the day. She composed a sonnet upon 'My Inspiration, the Sea.' This work proved an inspiration indeed, to Agnes Smith, who is leader of the Symphony Orchestra of Chicago. When they rendered the piece before an immense audience in that city, some were so in sympathy with the theme that they started to remove their shoes and stockings to wade into the surf."

* * * I was visiting Mrs. Bessie Winesap (formerly Weythman). You know she married the Apple King of Wenatchee Valley. While I was there, she took me over to Ellensburg in her car. Calling at the Dormitory, we found that Mrs. Arthur was taking a six months' vacation and Miss Margaret Chambers was in charge.

The entire atmosphere of the place was changed. Dinner was in progress and absolute silence reigned. Signs were used to express all wants. One finger meant bread; two, butter; three, syrup. At intervals of three minutes waitresses appeared on rubber tired roller skates. I went away hoping Mrs. Arthur would soon return.

As we motored back through Mr. Winesap's extensive orchards, I noticed a new city where before all had been sage brush.

"What is the name of this city?" I asked. "Turnerberg," he replied. "It is named for the man who founded it. His wife used to be a teacher in Washington. She finally made a fortune from the invention of an automatic cake-turner. Mr. Turner had founded and promoted this city in the meantime. That large stone mansion on the hill is their home and the building below the tracks is their factory."

"Take me home, please," I begged. "I want to go back to 1915. It's very wonderful, but I prefer men and women in the process of growth rather than as finished products."

"Very well," he said, and smiled, "but let me tell YOU something. You are to teach the remainder of your days. I would like to promise you that coveted trip to Owld Erin, but I cannot even do that. It depends upon your economy and effort."

"Good bye," he said as I stepped out. "Don't tell what I've shown you."

But when I found myself alone on the bench again, I determined I would, and without delay.

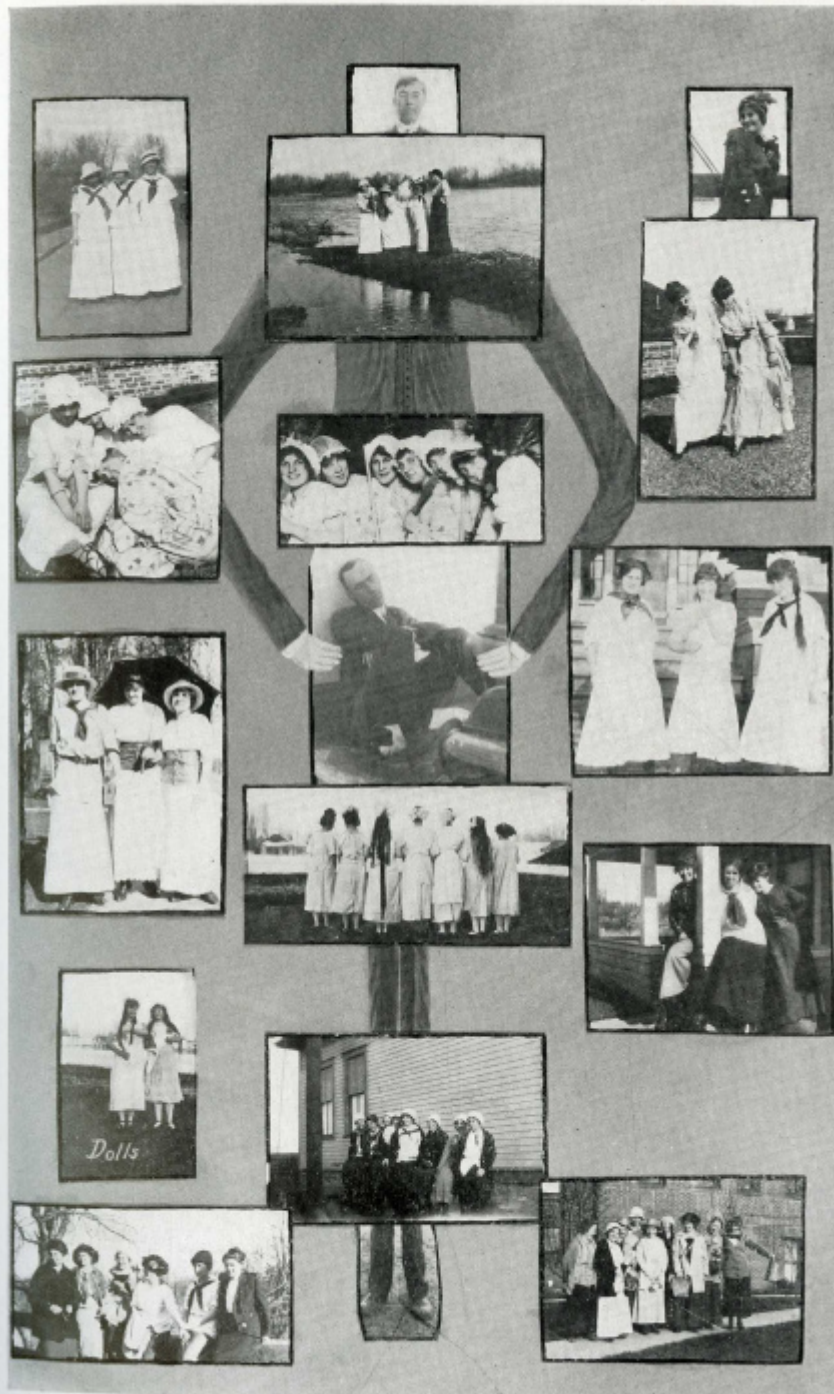
SENIOR COMING OUT

Who said the Seniors were slow? Well, I should say not. You wouldn't think so either if you had been at the Senior Coming Out, which was held the third week of September. Little did the Juniors think, when they were invited by the Seniors in the assembly to attend a party the following Saturday, that it was to be the Senior Coming Out. After a week of anxiety, Saturday night arrived and so did the Juniors, and they were on time, too. They were escorted to room number "5," where the Seniors bade them welcome by blind folding them and tying their hands behind their backs. From here they were led to the Gym. Here they were decked with various tags bearing such inscriptions as "Flunkism," "Hungerism," "Dumbism," and many others, characteristic of the doomed Juniors. When all the Juniors had assembled in the Gym they were led by their president around the room to the great delight of the Seniors. The last two hours were spent in playing games and eating ice cream cones and animal cookies. At eleven o'clock the party broke up and, though tired and sleepy, they all had a good time,—especially the Juniors, who agreed that there was something to the Seniors of the class of 1915.



SENIOR MIXER

Weren't you there? Where? At the Senior Mixer. Well, if you weren't you certainly missed a good time. The Seniors kept up their good work from the Coming Out and gave a picnic party in the Gym. What they didn't have to eat, not even a chef could have mentioned. Although the eats were the main features of the evening, there were games and stunts for every minute. After a pleasant evening they all departed, each one saying, "Well, I'm glad that I'm a Senior."





May Burke, Elizabeth Foye, Etta Ellison, Grace Prater, Ava Case, Myrtle Townsend, Cecil Coon, Mabel Anderson, Vera Barkley, Dorothy Mann, Grace Remick, Stella Hanson, Emmy Larson, Mabel Cornwall, Mrs. Daisy Weaver, Mrs. Florence Chipman.



Ruby Fulton, Grace Anderson, Lena Wolfiin, Isabella Getsch, Madge
Charlton, Edith Gilkey, Lulu Ellison, Mae Bollen, Dorothy Neff, Mar-
garet Collins, Laura Taylor, Elma Mooney, Verna Eastman, Frances
White, Luvia Spray, Ellen Hilen.



Glenn Osborn, Elsie Bull, Hazel Corey, Victoria Callihan, Esther Jurin,
Hilda Meisner, Kathryn Foster, Gena Berg, Marguerite Eagles, Emma
Sprenger, Myldred Burdick, Lena Getsch, Helen Nelson.



Amelia Slaudt, Mabel Kidd, Virginia Baker, Mildred Watts, Marion Selleck, Felicia Perkins, Alice Kapphahn, Ruth Hart, Mildred Hulbert, Marion Johnson, Miriam Blakeley, Selma Holland, Hazel Pink.



Josephine Craney, Hortense Larson, Corinne Saindon, Evelyn Mahaffy,
 Laura Sackett, Dorothy Foster, Heber Baisinger, Anna Johnson, Florence
 Swanson, Margaret Schneider, Lulu Ellison, Pauline Rollinger, Caroline
 Krafft, Ella Sangesand, Bertha Smith, Anna Briskey.

Margaret Adams, Ethel Anderson, Mrs. Adelaide Beach, Estella Berggren,
Ada Earl, Zela Hazen, Rhea Hogue, Georgia Springer.



JUNIOR CLASS

President.....	Hilda Meisner
Vice President.....	Verona Lange
Secretary.....	Marion Johnson
Treasurer	Ella Sangesand

CLASS COLORS
Old Rose and Green.

CLASS TEACHERS		
Mr. Sparks	Miss Hoffman	Miss Rankin



THE JUNIOR COMING OUT

On Tuesday morning, Sept. 29th, the assembly met as usual. Whispered conferences were exchanged among the Juniors, while the dignified Seniors took their seats with anxiety written upon their care-worn countenances.

After the devotional exercises, at a given signal, the Juniors left their seats in the assembly and rushed into the two dressing rooms off the stage. They took possession of the platform to portray a typical recitation of the Senior class.

Dr. Harris (Hilda Meisner), seated at her desk correcting senior papers read aloud, "You han't got no—the bell has rang—and he has went." Sighing and shaking her head, "and these expressions from a Senior!"

At this point a loud noise was heard, and the Seniors came tumbling in, pushing, shoving and quarrelling, in their usual spirited way, taking seats next their dearest friends that they might converse with as little effort as possible.

Dr. Harris: "Come, seniors, this is our class for general culture and information. I'm so pleased to notice how much you have improved in dignity. The way you came in just now was such an improvement over the way in which you came to my first class last fall. I wish you would notice the Juniors and take them as your example."

The roll was then called, the representation being as follows: Lena Palin (Mildred Hulbert), Mary Huntley (Felicia Perkins), Laura Magill (Marion Johnson), Anna Bell (May Burke), Kathleen Lynch (Laura Hartnacke), Ruth Eide (Mabel Anderson), Peggy Crim (Miriam Blakeley), Nessa Morgan (Elizabeth Foye), Bessie Weythman (Myrtle Townsend), Mirriel Watkins (Dorothy Foster), Eva Clabaugh (Marguerite Eagles), Ella Berg (Roma Sartoris).

Having observed that all were present except Lena Palin, who had unceremoniously departed after roll call, undoubtedly remembering some date which she had at this hour, Dr. Harris proceeded with the lesson as follows:

"Anna Bell, can you tell me what a cat looks like and sounds like?"

"Yes; it looks and sounds just like Chester."

"Miss Weythman, do you have a class next period?"

Miss Weythman (Myrtle Townsend, resplendent in a mass of auburn ringlets borrowed for the occasion): "Yes, Miss Harris, I have Ed, next period."

"Miss Lynch, do you know any new songs?"

"Oh, yes; just a cousin of mine is one of my favorites."

"Ella Berg, can you tell me the advantage of the new ice cream dipper over the old one?"

"Yes; the new one hasn't any 'turner' in it."

Dr. Harris at this point noticed Mary Huntley bothering Ruth Eide, so she said, "Mary, you Otto Lee (ve) Ruth alone."

"Now, students, tomorrow we are going to have a painting lesson. Laura, can you tell me where they have a good supply of paint brushes?"

Laura: "No, Dr. Harris; I really don't—" here Nessa Morgan interrupted her and said: "Down at Ball's they have a good supply. Mr. Robinson showed them to me."

Dr. Harris: "What color would you like to study tomorrow?"

Mirriel Watkins: "Ah, I like red best, Miss Harris; do let us paint red."

Dr. Harris: "Eva, can you tell me what happens when you build a fire in a range?"

Eva (removing her gum): "Sparks appear."

The new lesson being definitely assigned the class rushed from the room in that orderly way so peculiar to the Seniors.

The Juniors now donned their class colors in the form of caps, made of old rose and green crepe paper. These caps were so singularly becoming that the Seniors were apparently overcome with envy, judging from their frantic efforts to capture these bewitching pieces of head gear from the Juniors, who marched through the assembly hall, singing their class song to the tune of "This is the Life."

"We love the Soph's and Seniors,
But we are the life, we are the life,
We sure can raise the dickens,
By the Juniors' vote, we will get their goat.
We love the rough and tumble,
But the Seniors are slow.
No more initiation, we're for civilization.
We are the life, we are the life,
We are the life of the school."

Marching back upon the stage, the Juniors made the windows rattle by a number of well selected yells. Singing their song again, they marched off the stage and gathered in the back of the assembly hall, where they gave a rousing siren yell.



THE JUNIOR SLEIGH RIDE

In spite of the fact that it was sixteen below zero, and that some people predicted frozen noses and ears, two large bobs full of merry Juniors, chaperoned by Miss Rankin and Miss Baker, gathered at the dormitory on the evening of December 12th to enjoy a sleigh ride.

The Juniors did not fail to let the fact be known that they were out on a frolic, for the frosty air fairly rang with their songs and yells.

Arriving at Slow-Corner, the Juniors took possession of the gymnasium, and two happy hours were spent in dancing; after which doughnuts and coffee were served, the Juniors declaring them to be the best they had ever eaten.

The tired but happy crowd arrived at the dormitory at eleven o'clock, and decided that they would gladly risk freezing their noses, if they could be assured of having as pleasant a time as they had spent that evening.





SOPHOMORE and FRESHMEN

CLASS MOTTO

"Never do anything today that you can put off until tomorrow."

CLASS COLORS

Old Rose and Grey.

CLASS FLOWER

White Carnation.

CLASS OFFICERS

President.....Roy Nash
Vice President.....Lillian Jackson
Secretary and Treasurer.....Hallie Rogers

CLASS TEACHERS

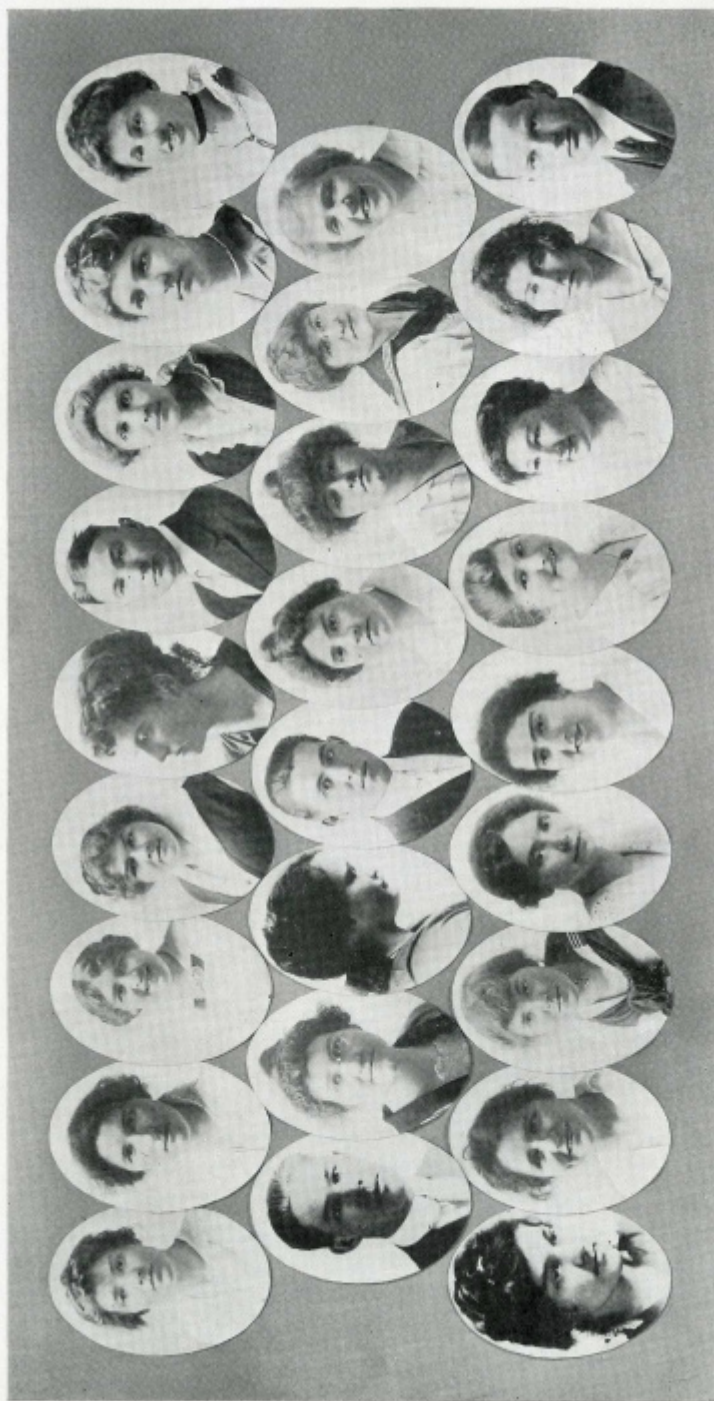
Miss Florence Wilson Mr. J. H. Morgan Mr. E. R. Kooken

CLASS YELLS

Was ist das?	Hic di minica
Was ist das?	Ha te-gasack
Sophomore, Freshmen,	De boom-die
Das ist was.	Hoo-oo-



Margaret Anderson, Zeina Cooke, Alice Fallquist, Frankie Hendricks,
Marie Ingalls, Olive Jackson, Minnie Lee, Gladys Thoman, Lillian
Jackson, Genevieve Purdum.



Estey Bratcher, Katie O'Neill, Nellie Lindblad, Margor le Schoonover, Bernice Desmond, Marvin Shelton, Lydia
 Roy Nash, Mary Swearingen, Mabel Peck, Will Fowler, Alice Donahue, Pearl Dixon, Opal Crumpacker, Sophia
 Margaret Williams, Mamie Alsleben, Hallie Rogers, Augusta Robinson, Fawn Cameron, Eva Barquist, Merle
 Charlton, Ida Dullen, Harold Taylor.

A SOPHOMORE'S TRYING DAY AT W. S. N. S.

The sun shone in the window, directly on my face and wakened me from a deep slumber. Impatiently, I turned over and was about to continue my "snooze" when the sudden thought flashed through my mind, "Assembly today!" No more sleeping after that—I dressed hurriedly and rushed downstairs. I did not take time to breakfast, but snatched my coat and hat and hurried to school.

My home is at a distance of nine blocks from the Normal, and consequently I had little time for loitering. Flushed, and out of breath I reached the building and inquired of the first person I met:

"Am I in time for Assembly?"

She stared at me. "It is just 8:30," she replied, "but this happens to be Wednesday."

"Thank you!" I murmured sweetly and collapsed on the lowest step. When I had recovered my breath sufficiently, I rose and climbed the stairs to my locker, thinking to myself, "Oh, well, I'll have an extra half hour to glance over my Agriculture lesson again. How I wish I had eaten breakfast!"

When I reached my locker I felt in my pocket for the keys. Not finding them, I turned both of my coat pockets wrong side out and instituted a thorough search. I found some string, a piece of chalk, some notes, a stick of gum, a tube of paint for stenciling, a clean handkerchief and two soiled ones, and various other articles—but no locker keys.

I glanced at the clock. There was still a little time; should I go home after the keys or get a duplicate from Miss Hedger? She would probably "bawl me out," I reflected, and after losing some valuable time in consideration of the question I went home and reached school again barely in time for the first class.

Owing to a headache the evening before, my preparation for the day was slight. In Sociology I awaited a question in fear and trembling, but Cookie began to ask questions; Mr. Kooker strove to answer them, and soon all the class became engaged in a discussion, so I escaped.

I knew my Agriculture lesson, so was able to recite on the relative merits of Ayrshires and Guernseys.

By this time my headache had returned, and I struggled through the gymnasium exercises, regretting every moment that I had not cut class. I grew "peevish" because my partner did not keep step better, and wondered what imbecile had invented the intricate steps of the new dance we were trying to learn. I was greatly relieved when the period was up, and after dressing as fast as I could, climbed what seemed miles and miles of stairs until I reached my English class, two minutes late.

I sank in a chair, leaned my aching head upon my hand, and tried to follow the recitation. Presently I realized that everyone was silent, and looked up to ascertain the cause. The instructress was looking at me inquiringly, so were the students; apparently I had been asked a question. My nearest neighbor whispered something quickly and I had a vague idea that she said: "What is an antidote?"

Assuming a knowing look, I said confidently, "Something you take when poisoned."

Here I was interrupted by a burst of laughter, which told me I had said the wrong thing. Later I learned that I had been asked to give the definition for an anecdote.

As I was leaving the building at noon, I happened to glance at the bulletin board, and there I saw:

"Sophomore Class Meeting. Room 14, at 1:15. Important."

I would not have time to go home and back, so I must go without lunch, or else miss the meeting. That would never do, as I was curious to discover the reason for this unusual event. So I spent the time in

studying my mathematics, and at the appointed time went up to room 14. The others were slow in arriving, but after a time a number had assembled. I soon learned that the purpose of the meeting was to plan a class party. It would have been a perfectly lovely party, I feel certain; at any rate, our schemes were excellent, but somehow or other the affair was cancelled later. The Sophomores enjoyed (?) a number of these parties during the year.

Immediately after the class meeting I went to Arithmetic. As I seated myself, Mr. Morgan shoved his glasses a little further down over his nose, looked over them at me fixedly, and said in a tone of profound astonishment:

"Oh! A man earned \$3,600 selling goods on a 5 per cent commission. Well! How much did he sell?"

I answered that all right, but when I was sent to the board, I discovered that I had prepared the wrong assignment. However, the gong sounded before time for my recitation, so that was all right too.

As usual, we stayed six minutes overtime in the Arithmetic class, so I had to hurry up to the Art room. When I reached the last landing I leaned out of the window to call to a friend down below, and as I turned away I dropped my box containing the art materials. They landed with a crash on the ground below—India ink, crayons, a paint box, a ruler, erasers, thumb tacks, and miscellaneous articles scattered over the lawn. At first I was vexed—I had blundered so all day, and how my head did ache! Then I leaned against the wall and laughed till I was weak.

By the time I went down and gathered up as many of my belongings as I could find, and climbed the stairs again, I was late. Of course, Miss Hunt looked injured, but I felt that I was the one with a grievance, so I did not offer any explanation. I spent the remainder of the period in making a really remarkable design. (Miss Hunt said that she could not tell what it was, but she thought it would certainly be very nice if I would tear it up and throw it away.) I followed her advice. That is why you did not see it in the exhibit.

I still had one class remaining—History. Mr. Wilson rarely takes the roll, so perhaps I might just as well cut. I lingered, hesitated before the door for a moment, and then decided to go home. Mr. Wilson always comes up the front stairs, so I would go down the back stairs, and thus avoid meeting him. Half-way down I met him, and it was too late to retreat.

"Coming to History?" he asked smiling.

"Er-yes; as soon as I get my book." And I did.

At the end of the class I went down to the Library, but almost at once Miss Rankin reproved me for talking, so I gathered up my books and went home.

And that was only ONE day at Normal.

—Mabel Peck.



MUSIC

We have three musical organizations in our school and under the efficient direction of Mr. E. Earle Swinney and Mr. Giovanni Ottaino, they have been a great success and are organizations of which any school might well be proud. They are the Treble Clef, Glee Club, and the Orchestra.

Program for the First Treble Clef Concert:

O Skylark For Thy Wing.....	Smart
Treble Clef	
Hope March.....	Papini
String Orchestra	
A Little Dog Barked.....	Conant
Double Quartet	
(a) I Know a Lovely Garden.....	d'Hardelot
(b) Venice	Harris
Treble Clef	
Fantasia Op. 1.....	Stang
String Orchestra	
Sympathy Waltz Song (The Firefly).....	Friml
Treble Clef with Violins	
(a) Happy Song.....	del Riego
(b) Mighty Lak' a Rose.....	Nevin
Double Quartet	
La Scintilla.....	Rive-King
Amelia Slaudt	
(a) Spring Chorus (Samson & Delilah).....	Saint-Saens
(b) Night and Dreams.....	Schubert
Treble Clef	
Mazurka de Concert.....	Musin
Elsie Cook	
O He Carita (Gondolier's Song).....	de Koven
Treble Clef with Violins	
School Song.	



THE PERSIAN PRINCESS

E. Earle Swinney.....Director
Eunice Sellner.....Dances
Margaret Davidson.....Dramatic Coach
Selections.....String Orchestra

ARGUMENT

According to an Eastern romance, The Persian Princess Zobeide's horoscope, cast by astrologers at her birth, gave omen that she could not survive the noon of her seventeenth birthday, unless she be kept unmindful until the fatal time had passed, or should say of her own will that she had mistaken the date.

This prediction was, of course, concealed from the Princess, and she, in her innocence, looked forward with eagerness to the day because, under the laws of the country, she was then to be publicly betrothed to her destined husband, whom, in accordance with court etiquette, she had never seen.

As the day approached all around her were filled with anxiety, and many were the devices suggested with a view to securing immunity to the Princess from the fate that threatened her. But how so fully to engage her attention, that the word "birthday" should not escape her lips; or how, without suggestion, to lead her to confess herself in error as to the day, until the fatal moment had passed?

By a happy inspiration, it was decided to occupy the interval between morn and noon with a series of entertainments made up of songs and dances by picturesque bands of performers engaged for the day's pleasure.

The Romance goes on to state that the device employed was completely successful in circumventing the danger of the hour so fraught with apprehension to those near and dear to the lovely Zobeide.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Zobeide, the Persian Princess.....Antonette Sabelwitz
Sadie, Maid of Honor.....Dorothy Foster
Amine, Maid of Honor.....Frances White
Maimoune, leader of Minstrels.....Florence Swanson
Badoura, leader of Mountaineers.....Anna Bell
Gulnare.....Helen Hunter
Nonro.....Eva Clabaugh
Abouahwa.....Pearl Dixon
Fetnah.....Hazel Waite
Ayesta.....Felicia Perkins
Zeyna.....Ella Berg

Chorus of Handmaidens:

Helena Jenkins, Margaret Williams, Ella Berg, Frances White,
Dorothy Foster, Opal Crumpacker, Mirriel Watkins, Hazel Waite,
Felicia Perkins.

Chorus of Minstrels:

Florence Swanson, Eva Clabaugh, Mabel Ki., Helen Hunter,
Laura Sackett.

Chorus of Mountaineers:

Anna Bell, Ruby Colbert, Myldred Burdick, Laura Magill,
Pearl Dixon.

CLUBS

THE MONTAHOMA CLUB

Early last fall the girls from Pierce County met and organized as the Montahoma Club, with Emmy Larson as president.

One of the early meetings was held in Prof. Wilson's reception room and the evening spent in sewing and reading aloud.

After the Y. W. taffy pull, held during Thanksgiving vacation, the Montahoma members adjourned to Hazel Waite's room where they enjoyed a "feed."

A reception to the students who entered at midyear was given during the first of February in the Domestic Science rooms. Various kinds of candy were made during the evening and disposed of in a much shorter time than it took the cooks to make them. Games were played in the gym until much time as well as candy had disappeared.

Our president, Miss Larson, left school at midyear and but little has been done in the Club since.



CRESCENT LITERARY SOCIETY

The Crescents, as a society and individually, feel that this has been a very helpful year. At the beginning of the year, the constitution was revised, the monthly programs customary previous to this year were discontinued and the first meetings given over to open discussion on topics of current interest. Later it was decided to give informal programs at each meeting. These were very well attended and much enjoyed. When the Student Body was given charge of the Monday Morning Assembly, the Crescents volunteered to take care of one of the programs. As a result the Society presented, the third Monday in March, a farce, entitled "Cured." The different parts were well taken by Marion Johnson, Margaret Williams, Verona Lange, Mildred Hulbert and Claude Watkins.

A picnic is planned to come off sometime before June and as Crescent picnics are always a treat this one is being looked forward to with a great deal of interest. For the Crescents of future years we recommend just one thing,—find out some other time except Friday afternoon at 4:10 for Crescent Literary, and we know that the year will be even more helpful and beneficial than it has been to 1915 Crescents.

DRAMATICS

The Associated Students of the Washington State Normal School presented the play, "Mice and Men," a romantic comedy in four acts by Madeline Lucette Ryley, to the public on May 29th, in the Normal Auditorium. The play was a success in every way, each character interpreting his part exceedingly well. Great credit is due Miss Margaret Davidson for her efficient and unselfish help. Miss Davidson has always been found a loyal and staunch friend of the students who, without an exception, feel a deep appreciation of her services.

The following is the cast for the "Mice and Men" play:

CAST:

Mark Embury, Scholar, Scientist and Philosopher...David Sloan
Roger Goodlake, His Friend and Neighbor.....Otto Eidal
Captain George Lovell, His Nephew.....Edward E. Swinney
Sir Harry Trimblestone.....Harold Taylor
Kit Barniger, Fiddler and Professor of Deportment..Fred Hayes
Peter, Embury's Servant.....Marvin Shelton
Joanna Goodlake, Wife of Goodlake.....Helen Hunter
Mrs. Deborah, Embury's Housekeeper.....Lena Palin
Peggy, Little Britain.....Kathleen Lynch
Matron of Foundling Hospital.....Anna Bell
Beadle of Foundling Hospital.....Byrl Gwin
Molly, A Kitchen Maid.....Mabel Sneider

Orphans and Masqueraders:

No. 1—Margaret Adams	No. 6—Dorothy Foster
No. 2—Mildred Hulbert	No. 7—Nessa Morgan
No. 3—Felicia Perkins	No. 8—Bessie Weythman
No. 4—Hilda Meisner	No. 9—Kathleen Lynch
No. 5—Margaret Williams	No. 10—Mary Huntley
No. 11—Elizabeth De Bush	

Place: Old Hampstead

Period: About 1786

Synopsis:

ACT I. Mark Embury's Study. April.
ACT II. Living Room in Mr. Embury's House. Two years later. March.
ACT III. Masquerade Ball at Belsize House.
ACT IV. Garden of South Cottage. Six weeks later.

Musical Program:

String Orchestra.....Mr. Ottalano, Director
Piano Solo.....Miss Antoinette Sabel
Violin Solo.....Miss Florence Wilson
Violin Solo.....Miss Elsie Cook
Scenery: Complimentary of Isis Theater.





OFFICERS

President.....Katherine Stewart
 Vice President (Chairman Membership Com.)..Grace Prater
 Secretary (Chairman Publicity Com.)....Florence Chipman
 Treasurer (Chairman Financial Com.).....Ella Berg
 Chairman Religious Meeting Com.....Lucy Gobie
 Chairman Social Com.....Lena Palin

The annual opening reception, held on October sixth was one of the prettiest affairs of the school year. The Y. W. room was made beautiful with autumn leaves, dahlias, asters and ferns. The guests were welcomed by Katherine Stewart, Miss Hoffman, Dr. Harris, Miss Maxwell and Florence Chipman. The whole scene could be no better described than was done by Mr. Wilson in his address, when he said: "I have never seen so many pretty girls and so many pretty dresses in my life." After the following excellent program, delicious ice cream and cake was served by the association girls.

Instrumental Solo.....Amella Slaudt
 Address of Welcome.....Mr. Wilson
 Vocal Solo.....Mr. Whitney
 Talk.....Miss Grupe
 Violin Solo.....Elsie Cook
 Song.....Y. W. C. A. Octette
 Talk.....Dr. Harris
 Vocal Solo.....Mrs. Munger
 Talk.....Miss Rankin
 Vocal Solo.....Mr Swiney

The midyear reception on January twenty-seventh was an informal social evening. Dr. Harris gave a delightful talk of welcome to the new students and an excellent program was given, after which candy was served from pretty baskets. The last half hour was used in getting acquainted with the new girls.

The association girls who did not go away for Thanksgiving had a pleasant time pulling taffy and making candy in the Domestic Science rooms on November 25th.

One of the social meetings before Christmas was spent in making little Christmas remembrances for Miss Matthews, our ex-missionary in Japan. Many pretty and practical gifts were made, none costing more than ten

cents. The monthly social meetings have been very interesting and well attended.

A "hike" to the upper bridge was given early in October, in honor of Miss Fox, who proved to be a "good scout," as well as story teller. An enjoyable hour was spent roasting wienies, singing songs and telling stories. As usual Miss Fox's visit proved very helpful to our association.

October 7th was Campaign Day and was very enthusiastically carried on. Sixty names were received for membership.

Misses Ella Berg and Ella Sangesand attended the Y. W. C. A. conference held in Seattle, April 16th, 17th and 18th, and reported a very interesting, as well as instructive conference.

Plans are being made to send at least one delegate to the Summer Conference to be held in Seabeck in June. Some very interesting slides of last summer's conference were shown in the Normal Auditorium May 5.

The year closed with a vesper service in which the following program was given:

Vesper Service, May 30, 1915

Opening Hymn—The Lord is My Shepherd.

Prayer—Rev. Snyder.

Vocal Solo—Mrs. Roy Weaver.

Violin Solo—Miss Florence Willson.

Vocal Solo—Mrs. O. W. Ball.

Address: "Mistakes of Old Believers and Doubters—An Attempted Solution of the Conflict Between Religion and Science."—Dr. Munson.

Vocal Duet—Miss Francis White and Miss Dorothy Foster.

Closing Hymn—Abide With Me.

Mizpah.





COLONIAL BALL

History repeated itself February 22nd, when the Seniors gave the Colonial Ball. A formal reception was held in the library from eight-thirty to nine o'clock. In the receiving line was the Senior class president and teachers, and other members of the faculty.

At nine o'clock, as the strains of the orchestra were wafted up thru the halls, the gayly dressed assembly betook themselves below, to the brilliantly lighted ball room.

Myriads of incandescent colored lights formed a canopy in the middle of the room, and ropes of our national colors were suspended from the ceiling. The effect was most striking. When all were assembled, the screened-in orchestra began playing in stately measure the minuet music, and from one side of the room came men and maids arrayed in beautiful Colonial costumes, swaying and bowing in rhythmical unison. It was an impressive scene and one long to be remembered.

The rest of the evening was happily spent in dancing the more modern steps, and everyone participated. "A most joyous time," was the unanimous expression of the crowd.



THE TEAS

A pleasing part of the social life of the school this year has been the teas, given by the Seniors. Once a week three girls entertained different classes and members of the faculty. The decorations were always artistic, and the tea always delicious.

These teas are a new feature in our school, but we truly hope they will continue next year. For, with Miss Cordinier's efficient and willing help, the teas have been a decided success.



THE SENIOR STUNT

"All Aboard! Trains leave Mahan Hall depot any time!"

This heralded the arrival of one of the most enjoyable evenings spent this year, when the Seniors of Mahan Hall entertained the members of the faculty at a depot party. Each member of the faculty came, representing some notable, and in response to telegrams sent over the wires announcing their arrival, gave fitting character sketches.

Bell boys, porters, train masters, ticket sellers, telegraph operators, and information bureaus continually arrested the attention of the incoming passengers.

"So informal and unique," applauded the guests, as they left on a late train.

OPEN HOUSE

In October, as in former years, the young ladies of Mahan Hall received their friends at "open house." In a fitting background of palms and flowers, Mrs. Arthur and the house president, Miss Helen Hunter, received the guests.

The young ladies entertained their guests with a pleasing and varied program, and during the latter part of the evening, supper was served at small tables.

This social event is always keenly enjoyed by all who participate.



RECEPTIONS

The social year closed with two very pleasant times, for the Seniors especially, Mr. Wilson's reception and the reception given by the faculty. These formed a fitting close, to a pleasant year at our dear old Normal.

In the fall, the faculty prolonged one of their regular weekly meetings into a "get-acquainted" party. Some members of the faculty had this happy thought of a social evening just among ourselves. It was a lovely contrast to the ordinary grind where we must consider prosaic, sometimes even irksome, business affairs. Miss Cordinier started us off on a happy evening by serving a mighty good dinner. The social committee had found much entertainment through the preceding week in planning forms of amusement that would make impossible any stiffness or undue display of dignity, and they had succeeded in their plans beyond their expectations. In the library, when the heart of man (and woman) had been made glad with good cheer, various "stunts" were performed. The W. S. N. S. faculty is nothing if not artistic, and the first amusement was the drawing of pigs, blindfold—not blindfold pigs, but blindfold faculty. Miss Grupe seemed to have either a larger knowledge of pigs or a happier skill in freehand drawing, for despite the presence of Miss Hunt she won the prize for the most plump piggy pig. Paper tearing also gave a chance for skill in portraiture. Dr. Munson's knowledge of anatomy must have served him here, for he found none who excelled him. Potato races, statue races, and other equally dignified entertainment kept care afar until late in the evening.

The freshmen are always supposed to find it difficult to make acquaintance at the beginning of the year; and this is supposed of faculty as well as students. Perhaps for this reason, as well as because he wants, himself, to see his flock around him, Mr. Wilson, ably seconded by Mrs. Wilson and Miss Florence, usually entertain the faculty in the early fall. This year the occasion was a little dinner party—"Apples were ripe and beginning to drop" and the decorations were lovely. When the faculty get together at the president's home they always have such a good time that they never know when to go home. They protest, however, that they did not break the rules this time in regard to being home before midnight.

In November, Dr. Harris, with sudden and uncharacteristic access of sociability, invited the Freshmen and a few of the Sophomores to an election tea. After tea candidates were nominated for the Progressive, Prohibition, Socialist and Suffragette parties. It is perhaps not surprising that the Suffragette Party won the election.

Early in the year a group of delegates from the State College visited Ellensburg. They were extension workers, and were at the Normal School for one day during their visit. Since Dr. Munson is interested in a ranch at Thorp, Mr. Morgan is raising apples in the valley, Mr. Wilson has long been interested in agriculture, and others of the faculty have small ventures in the agricultural field, it was very natural that the delegates should be entertained by the faculty.

Those members of the faculty who attended the State Educational meeting at Tacoma were so impressed with the charm and ability of Mr. Plummer, of Portland, who has been instrumental in the forming of many Parent-Teachers' associations that they prevailed upon him to come to Ellensburg and assist in the formation here of such an organization. After the meeting at the High School, Miss Grupe and Miss Meisner entertained a number of those interested in this work, and it is rumored

that the children of the town have much still coming to them as the result of this little supper.

The boards of trustees and the principals of the three Normal schools of the state met here in joint session one Saturday in February. A few members of the faculty endeavored to prepare a dinner to set before them that evening. Our efforts were well repaid by the joy it gave them. They manifested surprise that teachers were such excellent cooks—why should they?

The trustees of our school and the representatives to the State Legislature were invited to join the faculty in a social gathering one evening in January. It was a very informal and correct affair—nothing stronger was served than doughnuts and cider.

On April twenty-second the school was favored by a visit from Mrs. Josephine Preston, our state superintendent of public instruction, and during the day we were treated to several very good speeches by her. In order that the faculty might enjoy her company for a few social hours, and discuss some educational problems of interest to the state at this time, dinner was made the occasion. We had as guests beside Mrs. Preston, Mr. Thomason, deputy superintendent; Mr. Hubbell and Mr. Flummerfelt, state representatives, and Mr. Adams, senator. The flow of wit was furnished by many of our visitors and several of the brighter lights of our faculty. As a finale, most interesting discussions arose. All were loath to leave the merry board even at a late hour.



HALLOWE'EN PARTY

October 31st brought to us the time honored Hallowe'en party. The traditional Hades had lost none of its ghastly horrors, and none of its phantom spirits. own, down, thru dark and gruesome passages, these Junior spirits led us, until we despaired of ever seeing life and laughter again. But our fears were dispelled, when we "slid" into a dimly lighted and weird ball room, where for two hours Junior spirits clad in white robes and Senior clowns in red garbs, together with twentieth century mortals (representing the rest of the school), tripped the light fantastic. Not the least of the attractions, that long to be remembered night, was the ghostly dance, performed by several members of the Junior class. When the party finally broke up, everybody voted the Junior class a success as social entertainers.

Giving the Zone the "Once Over."



SHOTS at A NIGGA' BABY

HELLO TEACHER.

AN' LET THE REST
OF US HAVE
A CHANCE



THE IMPIEST
IMPS-

CLUB HOUSE

The Club House has had a large and changing family throughout the year. Mrs. Roegner has been the housemother. Miss Nancy Glenn was house-president for the first semester and Miss Louise Schneider for the last quarter of the year.

Our family has had many good times together; feed and spreads, around the big fire place, a formal reception, a crazy party and taffy-pull, and all sorts of enjoyable times, to which we can look back and say: "Those were truly happy days."

CLUB HOUSE GIRLS

Girls—	Characteristic Remarks.	Remarkable Characteristic
Colbert, Ruby	Wowie!	"That attractive laugh and voice."
Corbett, Kathleen	Is it proper?	Her fondness for White-y.
Gilkey, Edith	Good-night!	General agreeableness.
Goble, Lucy	"Nellie, don't do that!"	Antipathy for red.
Grant, Florence	Oh, Gosh!	Vivid imagination.
Erb, Odell	O-o-o-o-h!	A real diamond.
Ingalls, Marie	Oh, you poor simp!	Love of sky-gazing.
Long, Nellie	Honey-bunch and sugar-plums.	Interest in Psychology.
Maxwell, May	My Stars!	Sympathy.
Mann, Dorothy	(Never uses slang)	Artistic ability.
Sackett, Laura	Tweet tweet, little one!	Interest in "Good Housekeeping."
Sayre, Margaret	Tee-Hee.	Her youth.
Schneider, Louise	Don't everybody look at me; I'll blush.	A very intellectual girl.
Swearingen, Mary	Nobody's going to tell me what I'm to do!	Intense dislike of men (?).
Williams, Ruth	"The girls just call me 'Bill!' "	Partiality to violet eyes.
Schoonover, Marjorie	Make something for my hope-box.	Hank! Hank!



DORMITORY NOTES

Ghostly shadows creeping down the wall,
Pale, faint candle gleams coming up the hall,
Talk and laughter from the corners dark,
And a general air of mystery over all.

Ellensburg rivalled the countries of the far north during the winter and walked away with the prize for the cold weather. The mercury in the thermometers shrunk down and down, each separate and individual molecule huddling close to its neighbor, until the whole myriad crowded themselves down to the "twenty below" mark. Nor were the mercury molecules alone in their resentment of old Father Winter. The local electric light plant was likewise offended at such cold treatment and after some sputtering and weak promises of return, the lights gave a defiant blink and left us in darkness. Consternation ran riot. Lethargic

students whose propensity for study had not caused any proud comment by the anxious members of the faculty suddenly tho't of themes, notebooks and innumerable lessons. They scurried to their rooms and bro't forth weapons of intellectual conflict. These they lined up along the hall seat, with all good intent and promptly fell to talking and chatting in utter disregard of them.

It was not until the dinner hour that we discovered a new talent in our midst. Several of the diners proved expert in making mysterious heads, animals, etc., creep mysteriously along the wall. Artists of no mean ability stepped into the limelight and made amusement for the tables.

The following morning saw Mrs. Arthur bearing proudly up from town a whole supply of candles, while the tinsmith was as busy as a popcorn man at a county fair, making shiny tin candlesticks.

It is hard to state how long Father Winter would have continued to give us the cold shoulder had we not become indignant at his high handed actions and departed for our Christmas vacation. And on our return we found the pale January sun smiling faintly at us and our cold hearted friend beating a retreat.



HOSPITAL LIST AT MAHAN HALL

Patient.	Affliction.	How Contracted.	Cure.
Florence Swanson	Frenchitis	Two years of French at Stadium High	A Swede Husband.
Myldred Burdick	"500"	In Dorm hall at 1 p. m.	Prescription from Executive Board.
Eva Clabaugh	Too much money.	Home	Go to Berkeley.
Margaret Adams	Youth	At birth	Time.
Hazel Pink	Case on Laura	Constant companionship	Incurable.
Lena Palin	Voice	At the "zone"	School at Thorp
Ella Berg	Love	The usual way	Marriage.
Blanche Rutt	Diamond Ring	From "Jimmy"	No cure desired
Mabel Kidd	Heels	By her great size	Baby doll shoes
Pearl Dixon	Slang	"From frying ice cream on a fireless cooker"	Lent?
Mabel Anderson	Homesickness	Coming West	"HE" must come West, too.

MY STARS

Dramatic Stars.....	Kathleen Lynch Mabel Sneider Lena Palin
Tennis Stars.....	Ellen Hilen Gena Berg Lena Wolfkin Elsie Bull
Moonlight Stars.....	Mirriel Watkins Florence Chipman Hallie Rogers Opal Crumpacker
Literary Stars.....	Katherine Stewart Beatrice Griffin Verona Lange
Silent Stars.....	Clara Roe Jennie Erickson Verna Eastman
Bright Stars.....	Viola Willey Marguerite Eagles
"Hike" Stars.....	Hazel Corey May Bollen
Stars that Talk.....	Lena Getch Isabel Getch Margaret Chambers

MOTTOES

Georgia Schofield May Burke	"Till death us do part."
Dorothy Foster	"There's no place like home."
Marion Johnson Betty DeBush Hallie Rogers Margaret Adams	"Follow the changing fashions."
Agnes Smith Felicia Perkins	"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

TREES IN OUR GARDEN

Pear (pair).....	Hazel Waite Ella Sangesand
Pippin	Amelia Slaudt Marjorie Collins
Peach	Myrtle Bull Nora Ingalls
Pop'lar	Bessie Weythman Grace Kelly Miriam Blakely Anna Bell
Willow'y	Helen Hunter Esther Jurin

TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES

The kindergarten under Miss Meisner's supervision has had an enrollment of forty, and a long waiting list since the first week of school. One of the interesting features of this year has been the making of doll houses out of apple boxes and furnishing them. Strange to say, a large majority of the boys chose to furnish kitchens. (Proof that the way to the heart of even a little man goes by the way of his stomach.) Miss Helen Smith has been Miss Meisner's able assistant this year.

The Primary Department under Miss Hoffman's competent management has as usual been in a prosperous condition. Miss Hoffman and Miss Cordinier jointly took charge of the serving of noon lunches to children who take their dinner. For three cents a nourishing soup was served. This was wholesome for the children and a good experience for the Junior D's who did the serving.

One of the picturesque occasions of the year was the Easter egg hunt, to which the first grade children invited the kindergarten.

Miss Baker has had charge of the first and second grade observation room. This is Miss Baker's first year with us. She has done some very interesting work in art and dramatization.

Miss Hardy who has charge of the third and fourth grade observation room is a graduate of our school, and one whom our past and present faculty always speak of with pride because of her beautiful and practical work with children. For instance, the recent work in arithmetic has centered around the purchase of a camping outfit. Work in geography has centered round the planning and taking of trips to various countries.

Miss Quigley, our third and fourth grade supervisor, has done much live work in her department. The supreme interest of these classes this spring has been their study of the Indians of this valley. Many pioneers and descendants of the original Red Men have been consulted about customs of local tribes. The children made some interesting Indian pottery, and even characteristic Indian music and dances have been studied.

We are glad that Miss Picken, after spending a few years of study and teaching at Teachers' College and Duluth Normal, has returned to our school, for Miss Picken is well remembered here for her former good work in the Observation Department. Miss Picken now has the fifth and sixth grades. One of the interesting features of Miss Picken's work has been her quarterly Mother's Meetings when the children have given programs summarizing the work of the previous weeks. At one meeting the children gave a very interesting talk on birds, illustrating it with the new reflectroscope. It was interesting to note the thorough familiarity of the children with their subjects and the ease with which they spoke.

The Grammar Grade Department and ninth and tenth grades were again under the able management of Miss Frances Smith and Mr. Sparks. For the first time in the Ellensburg schools a general science course has been given the ninth and tenth grades. The eighth grade boys are also greatly interested in their work in electricity. In connection with this they have been making batteries, bells, telephones, and studying the electric wiring of the Science Building.

Miss Cordinier has taken charge of the seventh grade girls' class herself and given them a most valuable course in home keeping. The art work in the seventh, eighth and ninth grades has included the studying and making Japanese posters, basketry, and clay modeling. Miss Sellner has had the seventh, eighth and ninth grade girls in gymnasium. Special work has been done in folk dances, etc., for the May festival.

On a bright, sunny afternoon in April, members of the Ellensburg Mothers' Club assembled at the Training School. The mothers investigated the work in all the departments, while school was in session. After

seeing all the splendid work done in our Training School, the ladies were shown through our three buildings, and at six o'clock the Junior D class served a delicious cafeteria lunch on the campus. A number of the fathers also had their supper on the lawn. This afternoon program was instead of the annual picnic of the Mothers' Club. That our friends enjoyed the afternoon was shown by the fact that a number expressed the wish that this might become an annual event.

The closing exercises of the Training School this year were in the form of a pageant given during pageant week. The work was partly centered around Indian life and May festival features. This was worked out by the supervisors of the Training School with the help of Miss Sabelwitz and Miss Sellner.

Supervisors, parents and student teachers agree that this year's success in the Training School is largely due to the skillful management of Mr. Parmenter, Principal of the Training School. His cheerfulness and willingness to help has won the hearts of many who were in trouble. The Normal School is certainly fortunate in having such a man as Mr. Parmenter at the head of its practice department.



SPRING QUATRAINS

by
The Third and Fourth Grades.
(Miss Hardy's Room.)

Forget me not for I am Spring;
I bring gladness to the heart,
For I have come with birds and flowers,
I have come with the song of the lark.
—Thelma Taylor.

Here comes my friend, the firefly,
With his bright and golden eye;
When it is the end of day,
He is glad to light your way.

Oh, you pretty golden pigeon!
I wish I could speak your religion.
If I were a little bird,
I'd tell you all I ever heard.
—J. H. McDaniels.

Oh, daffodils! Oh, daffodils!
How I like to see your frills,
Nodding at me gayly, gladly—
I should like to pluck you badly.
—Margaret Felch.

Spring has come, Spring has come,
With a skip and a run,
The flowers are blooming, the birds are singing;
With their song a message they are bringing.
—Rena Fein.



TENNIS

TENNIS

Among the attractive features of the Normal grounds are the tennis courts. There are four courts, two of them have been in use for the entire year, and two were only completed for the closing weeks, but will be permanent additions to the campus. A delightful spring made it possible for the courts to be in use during every spare moment from daylight to dark; and as spare moments were diverse for diverse students, the courts were usually in use.

There is no doubt that the many students who learned to play will take the tennis spirit to their schools next year, and will introduce this wholesome sport in their communities.



ATHLETICS

For the past few years the Normal has not attempted to organize a football team, but has confined its efforts to basketball, track and tennis.

At the opening of this season the prospects for a winning basketball team were bright. Chester Turner, Roy Champie, Claude Watkins, Elwood McDonald, William Fowler, Byrl Gwin, Roy Nash, David Sloan, Wendell Ford, Heber Baisinger and Marvin Shelton, all old players, worked for positions on the team.

Early in the season the Senior boys challenged all the rest of the boys in school to play a basketball game to decide the class championship. The challenge was accepted.

Fifteen minutes before the game started the classes appeared in bodies. The Juniors sang: "We Are the Life of the School," and the Seniors sang: "Senior Boys, Senior Boys." Together they created a basketball spirit which continued throughout the game.

The game proved to be very exciting and interesting. The under classmen put up a good fight, but when the whistle blew the score stood 16 to 15 in favor of the Seniors.

A local basketball league was formed, but after the first three games the Normal, on account of the loss of three first team men, had to withdraw from the league. Also games scheduled with Bellingham Normal were cancelled.



TRACK

The Normal and Y. M. C. A. held a track meet in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium early in the spring.

The "Y" filed up the biggest score, while better all around work was done by Mr. Hogue of the Normal team. Mr. Hogue won five firsts and one third. Messrs. Baisinger, Van DeVenter, Hays and Watkins also won points.

Coach Sparks ably conducted the athletic classes during the year.

CAMPUS DAY

Great joy pervaded the hearts of the student body in the morning of April twenty-seventh. We were informed that if the wind did not blow in the afternoon, and, of course, there was no reason why it should, we would work on the campus. It is rumored that a student remarked that he was ever so sorry to miss classes, but would be glad to improve the looks of our school.

Every one was provided with a hoe, rake or spade and repaired to some part of the campus or tennis court. Here the faculty showed their worth. Some are excellent workers but others were born to command.

The students worked hard, too. Blisters, sunburn, laughter, groans, and an occasional ice cream cone were in evidence. The ice cream stand was considered quite an estimable institution and thanks to the kind generosity of some of the faculty many who had forgotten their nickels got a cone.

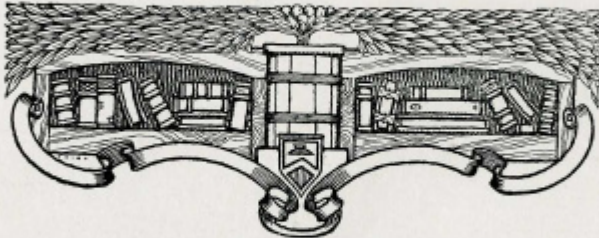
The weather had looked favorable in the morning but later the wind turned out and had a big time, blowing dirt everywhere. But the work was well accomplished. For proof, notice the east side terrace.



JUNIOR PROM

One of the prettiest functions of the year was given in the Normal gymnasium and library on the evening of May eighth by the Junior Class. The reception, between the hours of eight and nine, was held in the library, which was tastefully decorated in daisies.

At nine o'clock, dancing began in the gymnasium, which was beautifully decorated in butterflies in the class color scheme. The Grand March, as usual was led by Professor Wilson and the Junior Class President. The Training School girls, also dressed in class colors which are old rose and green, served refreshments to the guests.



A DAY AT ELLIS ISLAND

The immigrant station at Ellis Island is the largest and most important of any of the United States' stations. The station is built upon three islands—Bedloe Island, and two smaller artificial islands, and is located in New York Harbor, about a mile and a half from New York City.

Before an immigrant lands upon United States soil, his steamship is met by a revenue cutter—"The Immigrant." Six government officials from "The Immigrant" board the incoming steamer and inspect first and second cabin passengers who produce their manifests to prove their identity. If the cabin passengers pass inspection satisfactorily, they are landed at the dock at New York; others must go to Ellis Island for further inspection. All steerage passengers are examined at Ellis Island.

The day I visited Ellis Island, a ship carrying nineteen hundred immigrants had just arrived. As we watched the new-comers stepping off the steamer we witnessed a real, live moving picture.

Here comes a brawny Russian; he seems to have not a care in the world, as he swings his huge, misshapen telescope.

Behind the Russian trudges a little Italian woman, with a small child strapped to her back, and four or five other children hanging to her many variously colored petticoats. Each child is carrying a bundle almost as large as himself; and pans, cups, and numerous other culinary implements are much in evidence.

Here comes a bright, robust girl. Because of her fair complexion we decide that she has just bade farewell to Scandinavia. This young woman is wearing the first hat that we have seen among the immigrants. All the other women have evidently considered a hat a luxury; we conclude that the young girl has added this one luxury to her trousseau. And so the pictures move on; the scenes are taken first from one part of the world, then from another.

In the meanwhile, all have been passing into the receiving room. This is a huge hall, marked off into aisles which are indicated by iron railings. All move through these aisles in single file. At the entrance to the first aisle stands a medical inspector who examines the eyes of each immigrant who passes. He holds in his hand a small hooked instrument and with this he can quickly turn back the eye-lid. Why does he examine the eyes so carefully? He is looking for that dreaded disease, called "trachoma." This disease is especially prevalent among immigrants from southern Europe; in children it is sometimes curable, but in adults, never curable, and finally leads to total blindness.

Another inspector stands at the turn in one of the aisles. He stands at this point so that he can see the immigrant both from the side and from the back. This medical inspector examines the general physique of the individual.

After these two inspectors have been passed, the immigrants produce their manifests. These manifests are yellow slips which have been given to the immigrants at the port of embarkation; a duplicate of each manifest has been made out and sent to the inspectors at Ellis Island. Some of the questions asked and answered on the manifest are: "What is your name? Where were you born? Where is your home? Where are you going? Is anyone going to meet you? Why did you come? What are you going to do now?" Any discrepancies in the answers are quickly noted.

Many frauds are practiced by the immigrants who are seeking admittance to our country, but the inspectors are very expert and even the shrewdest frauds are detected. An instance of this is clearly shown in the following case: A man was suspected of bringing a girl here for immoral purposes. When the man was examined he was asked: "Are you married?" "Yes." "When?" "In 1910." "Where?" "In Berlin." "Where is your wife?" "Right here." The woman was then examined.

and asked: "Are you married?" "Yes." "When?" "In 1912." "Where?" "In Paris." The discrepancy was at once noted, and the facts of the case were immediately forthcoming.

Those who have passed inspection satisfactorily and are bound for New York City, go straight downstairs to what we might call a "room of gladness." Here it is that many families are reunited; here the aged mother meets her son who has come, years ago, to make his fortune in the Land of Liberty. Here we see the little Italian woman, with her five children and all their baggage, met by the eager husband and father, who does not seem to notice that his wife's garments are not exactly suitable for Fifth Avenue. Here, also, our suspicions in regard to the daughter of Scandinavia are confirmed when we see her in the embraces of her Americanized fiancé.

If the immigrant is westward bound he goes to the right, where sit the money changers, and where the transportation companies have their offices. If he goes to the New England states he finds his accommodations in a room on the left.

If, however, an immigrant is tagged "P. C." (Public Charge) he goes to the extreme left, where sits an official, in front of a barred gate, behind which is the detention room.

The deportation room we may well call the "room of sadness." It is here that families are broken up, where keenest disappointments of all kinds are witnessed.

There is a long list of causes for deportation. I will mention but a few of them—they are: Trachoma, feeble mindedness, insanity, less than twenty-five dollars, physical disability, or in short, any cause for becoming a public charge. We were not allowed to go into the detention room; in fact, we did not care to, after looking in. There we saw men, women and children; some blind, others having horrible running sores on their faces and necks; others, by the idiotic expressions, betrayed feeble mindedness and insanity.

Many of the immigrants are, of course, detained. If the case is settled the immigrant is sent back as soon as the steamship which brought him is ready to make her return trip. If the immigrant is sick, he is cared for in either the general or the contagion hospital, as the case may be, at the expense of the steamship company which brought him. The other members of the family may wait at Ellis Island until the sick member has recovered.

The dining room in which those who are detained eat, is a very large room seating eleven hundred people. The tables are spread with white oil-cloth. White, light blue and dark blue plates are used to designate the various classes of passengers. At each plate there is a little pile of salt and pepper, and a large "chunk" each of wheat and rye bread. The waiters put a certain amount of meat and vegetables on each plate. I inquired as to the reason for thus apportioning the food, and was told that it was necessary to do this because if the victuals were passed one person would be likely to take the contents of a dish and leave nothing for his fellow passengers. The food served to the immigrants is simple but very good and substantial.

There are sleeping quarters for eighteen hundred, although this number has often been exceeded. The bed consists of springs, and a large woolen blanket. The beds are arranged in long rows, and one above the other in a shelf-like manner.

There are five hundred twenty-five employees on Ellis Island, beside twenty-five medical experts.

There are missionaries stationed in various rooms adjoining the receiving room. These missionaries are doing a noble work there among the strangers in this strange land. I talked with a woman who had worked among the immigrants for twenty years. She could speak seven

languages fluently. Her work was, principally, with the young women who came here alone and unprotected.

We took the ferry which is a municipal ferry run between New York and Ellis Island, passed the Statue of Liberty, saw Brooklyn Bridge from the harbor, and landed at Battery Park, where the immigrant station was formerly located. From there we took a subway and lost ourselves in the heart of New York City with all the other foreigners.

—Erma L. Gay, '14½.



TO THE TEACHERS

Grand are the days of the teachers,
When bright Normal memories stay by;
When visions of youth still surround them
And keep the dark clouds from the sky.

Some tutors, like violets in springtime,
Bring joy to the innocent soul;
Others are stones in the night-time
That make the mind stumble and roll.

Now if they should stop and consider
The things that their childhood has seen,
How many would scold and would splutter
When children are restless and mean?

They'd go with a smile in the morning,
Their faces all sunny and bright
Could proudly return in the evening
From lessons that set the world right.

—E. Ernest P. Carlson, '13.



STORY OF CHRISTMAS

(Written by a student teacher as a class assignment.)

Today, children, we will put away our work, for we are going on a long, long journey. We are going to the land of Long Ago, and there are two things each one of us must have, to travel; first, bright eyes, ready to watch carefully and, second, little ears ready to listen. For the land of Long Ago is not a country like England or America, but when we say that we are going to this country we really mean that we are going to learn about some very wonderful things that happened many years ago. So put on your fairy listening-caps and come with me to Bethlehem town, for I know that a very wonderful thing is going to happen there this night.

It is evening now and we are tired from travelling so far, so let us sit down by the roadside and rest. Is it not nice to sit and watch the people going into this little town? Some are old men who walk slowly and lean on canes. Some are happy children singing as they go. Many, many people are going to Bethlehem tonight; but look! here comes a man with long, white beard and warm cloak over his shoulders. He is

a kind looking man and is carefully leading a little mule down the path. He must indeed guide it carefully for, see, it is carrying the man's wife. Maybe if we listen carefully we will hear their names. Yes, he is speaking and is calling her Mary, and she answers calling him Joseph. What a kind sweet smile she has. They, too, are going to Bethlehem.

They come now to the town but we who have been sitting and watching know that many people have gone to Bethlehem before them and we know that all of the inns are crowded. Let us see what they will do. Do you not feel sorry for the kind man and his sweet wife? They are going from place to place but every place they go they must turn away for every place is crowded. Poor Mary looks tired, doesn't she? And Joseph walks more slowly.

Look closely, children, and see what they will do. They are standing, talking. But see! They are going to the stable. Poor tired Mary and Joseph. They could find no place to rest except with the cattle. But tho they are only lowly people and have no place to sleep but in the stable, still we will not forget them when we go further on our journey for a wonderful thing is to happen this night.

Now let every boy and girl put on fairy slippers and fly away with me to a field far from Bethlehem. It took us some time to make so long a trip and now it is night. Why did we come to this field at night and what do we see? Why there lies a flock of sheep fast asleep, and see! A camp-fire is burning. It makes such a bright light we can plainly see several men sitting by the fire. I will tell you who they are. They are the shepherds who watch the sheep to see that no wolves catch them.

How dark it is tonight! Only a few stars are shining! The shepherds are almost asleep! How quiet it is!

But hark! What is that we see? Look! The poor shepherds are afraid and they fall on the ground. It is a great bright shining star and an angel is standing before them.

Listen carefully for I think we can hear what the angel is saying. He is speaking in a voice sweet and low, saying, "Fear not, for behold, I bring you tidings of great joy. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be the sign to you. You shall find the child lying in a manger."

Now the angel stops speaking and see, many, many angels come and are beside him and they are all singing a beautiful hymn. I can hear the words so plainly, "Peace on earth and good will toward men."

And now, little travellers, I want you to come with me on one more journey this night. This is to be the longest journey of all. Let us cross the great desert and go to the homes of the great wise men for they are going to do something tonight and we want to see them. Here they are all three sitting and talking together. Let us watch them and see what they will do. They are talking, so let us listen for we have fairy ears tonight and can hear them plainly. Here one is saying, "We shall know when the child is born for a bright star will shine in the East." Suddenly one cries, "It is shining now!" And he is right. For see, there in the East is a big beautiful star, so bright and lovely that the other stars look small beside it.

Do you notice how happy the wise men seem when they see the star? And now they are getting their camels ready to ride away. And now they are packing boxes and food. And now they are starting to ride away. Let us go, too, and see where they're riding to.

We travel on and on across the desert. It is not a dark night? Where are they going? Always they look up at the star, this big bright star. It seems the star is moving. Yes indeed it is, and the wise men are following it.

On and on we must ride, tho, now even with fairy slippers we're a little tired. But the star moves on. Now we are coming to a town. How strange! It seems we have seen this town before. Yes, it is the

very town we started from. Yes, it is Bethlehem! Is our journey ended?

Yes, for see, the star has stopped and just above the stable where Mary and Joseph are staying. How glad the wise men are to get off the camels. They are taking many boxes from the camels' backs. Now they're going in. But a surprise, a lovely surprise. Look in the manger and there lies a tiny, tiny baby. And there beside the manger are Mary and Joseph. The wonderful thing I told you of has happened. Do you see the wise men kneeling and holding out the boxes? Do you see what is in the boxes, rich gifts, rich, rich gifts for the new baby? Oh, how happy Mary is!

But why did the angels sing to the shepherds, of the little baby, and how did the wise men know that the star would take them to where the young child lay?

Because, children, this child was the blessed Christ Child who had come to save the world. For I am sorry to say there were many, many bad people in the world and God knew this and was sorry, and so He said, "I will send my only son, Jesus, to be king of the people and He will teach them how to be good."

And God had said that a star would guide people to the king so when the wise men saw the star they knew it must lead them to the new king. But they did not know they would find the child in a manger.

Do you wonder they gave rich gifts to the babe? Do you wonder that Mary was very, very happy? For she was the mother of the Christ Child who had come to rule the world.

—Helen Hunter, '15.



(Written by a Former Student.)

Who says that a poem is paper and ink?
Stop and consider a bit, if you think
That verses are classics and jingles sublime
Just because words are set down so they rhyme.
Recall the great Puritan aged and blind
Who conjured up heaven and hell in his mind;
Remember the ploughman who trudged through the soil,
And yet planned his country's great songs at his toil.
Do we think today that the task is so light
To seize pen and paper and sit down and write
Things half worth the reading, when man of old times
In many conditions, in various climes,
Have labored in spirit and wrought with a will
To bring forth the poems that we treasure still?
God grant that the Muses have not left us yet
God grant that the Muses have not left us yet,
Though verses and jingles and pleasantries light
Take no inspiration or labor to write,
That Apollo's true sons keep their eyes on the goal
And leave in each poem a bit of a soul.

HALLOWE'EN DINNER

"I can't see a thing," sputtered the pink candle.

"Never mind, I'll tell you everything that goes on. I've a fine view here from his left eye and you'll soon be short enough to look out his mouth," and the blue candle from its station in the pumpkin head smoked the side prodigiously as he leaned forward and peered out on the gay scene.

"Here they come," it continued as the crowd entered the dimly lighted dining room, "and would you look as Chester Turner and Margaret Schneider, all dressed up as darkies? And look at Table Three with the gypsy tent at the side. I vow that is the cleverest idea of all."

"Bah!" flared its companion, "you forget Table Seven. Why they have a big pumpkin in the middle of the table and long streamers go from the pumpkin to every plate and on the end of each streamer is a prize, and—"

"That's nothing. Look at Table Six. Evergreen boughs and all! Simply beautiful! And Table One has the witches' brew already steaming in the kettle."

Whereupon the two candles fell to sputtering at one another until they fell over. Then someone lifted the old witch and her broomstick from the pumpkin and set the candles upright.

They were for arguing again, but were interrupted by a ghostly array of spirits who came stalking in and seated themselves around Table Three. Suddenly a challenge came from the far end of the room in the following belligerent words:—

You'll be in a fix

If you try to mix

With Table Six.

Weak in metre it doubtless was, but strong in spirit. The reply the candles heard was this:—

If you want fun

Come to Table One.

"Well, it's quite a poetical crowd," said the pink candle as all the tables gave their calls and couplets. "I wonder—"

But here the talkative one was interrupted by a scraping of chairs and the astonished candles leaned far forward to see the assembled company start marching around the room singing in loud, hilarious tones, 'At the Dorm,' and, as they marched out the door, giving loud shouts to Mahan Hall and Mrs. Arthur.



IVY DAY

The annual custom of celebrating Ivy Day was kept on May thirty-first, the Juniors planning and carrying out a very beautiful ceremony. To the strains of band music, the class, carrying garlands of ivy, marched to form various interesting figures on the campus. After singing "Ivy Green," the class president, Miss Hil'ia Meisner, in the name of the Junior Class, presented the ivy to the school with the wish that it might grow and beautify the Normal for future students to enjoy. Mr. Wilson, in a well worded address of acceptance, expressed the appreciation of the Junior gift.

As a fitting close to the day's festivities all present joined in our rousing school song.

MIKE—Prize Story

"Hey, Tim, wat chout for the cop!"

"He ain't in sight."

"If the cop gets up this time it'll go hard with us, but let's play ball, I'm pitcher. Whada we care for thim rules. 'No Baseball in the Streets.' I guess I'm gonna play. If youse go to the parks its 'Keep Off the Grass,' or 'No Trespassing Allowed.' We ain't got yards like them rich folks up town, and what's the good of streets if tain't to play in. Let 'em put their old houses back from the street if they don't want their windows broke."

The boys were getting ready to play when Mike again spoke. "Say, wouldja look at the guy coming down the street. Not the kind that generally hangs around this dump."

"Hello, boys, going to play ball?"

Mike didn't answer for a minute and then he said, "Who are youse, a cop or the sheriff?"

"I'm neither. I was just going down the street and I was thinking that you boys didn't have a very good diamond here and wondered if you would like to come over to the new playground we are just starting. There is plenty of room, even if the diamond isn't in very good shape. With a little help from you boys I'm sure it would make a dandy. Won't you come?"

"Who are youse I asked you onest?"

"Well, over at the playground most everybody calls me Mr. Bob."

"Mr. Bob, huh! Youse are lying. Things don't happen like that in New York. I've lived here all my life and you can't fool me. Maybe youse have got a playground and maybe youse want us to help make a diamond, but after it was made you'd send us hiking. Youse can't fool me. Do yuh think I was born yesterday?"

"No, boys, I'm not lying. The playground is for all of you. We have the grounds and we are going to have a fine football and baseball team. Some of you boys are great players for the little practice you have been able to get. Baseball and football are not the only games we are going to play, but I expect they'll be the two you are most interested in. The playground is not for you boys alone but for anybody that wants to come there and play. Maybe some of you boys have brothers or sisters that would like to play there, too. Will you not come and see it now?"

"Youse other kids can go but not me. I don't bite that easy, 'sides I wouldn't go to a sissy playground."

Now it was the fact that anybody could play on it that aroused some of the boys' curiosity, especially Sandy's, because he had a lame little sister who loved to watch others play even if she couldn't join in all the games. Some of the boys decided to go with Mr. Bob and see what it was, at any rate.

Mike was the leader of the gang, but at times they didn't all agree with him. This happened to be one of the times. So Tim, Pat, Tony, Ikey, Sandy and some of the smaller boys trotted along with Mr. Bob. It wasn't so much what Mr. Bob had said as the way he had looked; tall and straight, with the nicest way of smiling at you. Someway you couldn't help believing him.

Mike had never heard of such a thing as a playground for "common kids," but in his heart he thought there must be some truth to it. He had thought the other boys would stay with him, but if they wouldn't, all right. He could find somebody that would. He knew he could find some other boys. They were probably shooting "craps." He didn't care

about "craps," in fact, he wished he had gone with the gang now; but he laughed at them and he wasn't going to go chasing after them.

So he found some boys from a rougher gang than his own and was shooting craps when the police found them. The police had been wanting some of the boys for quite a while. Now, this wasn't Mike's first offense; but, before, it had always been for playing baseball in the street, for Mike's sole ambition was to become a great baseball pitcher.

Mike never knew how it happened that all his gang at the playground knew about his arrest immediately, but they did. Mr. Bob working with them on the baseball diamond knew it, too. He stopped immediately and said, "Boys, we need Mike here. I'm going to see if I can help him out of this 'scrape,' and he was gone. Playgroun directors often have an influence with the court and Mr. Bob did. He promised to be responsible for Mike, and Mike was to be on probation for the next six months.

By this one act Mr. Bob had won Mike, body, mind and soul. What Mr. Bob said was law. In the following days Mike was the earliest at the playground and worked the hardest, not only on the baseball diamond but with the little folks. Mike was a natural leader and many of the boys looked up to him. It was he that helped settle the disputes of the little ones and saw that there was fair play for all. He was quick to learn, and not a movement of Mr. Bob's escaped his eye. Even his language improved.

Day after day he played baseball with his friends, Mr. Bob acting as coach, until they could play as well as any team in the city. Finally they challenged the Reds from the West Side. Both teams knew it would be the hardest game of the season, for they were well matched.

At last the great day arrived. Mike was decidedly the better pitcher but he did not have as strong a team back of him. In the first inning neither side made a score. In the second the Reds made one. During the third neither side could get a score. Two boys from the Reds got to first base, but no farther. One of the Playground boys got to third but died there. The fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh, it was the same story.

Then in the last half of the eighth inning Tim hit a ball that enabled him to make a two-bagger. There were no men out. Tony came next and he made a safe hit, the ball lighting between second baseman and left fielder. Tim ran and made the first score for the Playground boys. Tony was on second, Pat made a safe single and Mike was up to bats. The first one he missed and the second was a foul, but the third he hit squarely and sent it out, just over the short stop's head. Tony ran for home. Everyone was shouting, "Go it Tony! go it Tony!" Ten feet from the plate he made one of those diving slides for which he was noted. The ball came in at almost the same time, and when the dust arose the people saw Tony with one hand safe on the plate, and heard the umpire shout, "Safe." The next three boys struck out and the Reds were in bats for the first half of the ninth inning.

Between halves Mr. Bob said, in a low tone, "Mike, it's up to you to keep the score where it is. I want to see you boys win more than I used to want Yale to win at her football games, but, boy, remember this. It takes a bigger man to lose and to lose well than to win."

The very air seemed tense as Mike stepped into the box. Even the little folks seemed to feel it and stopped their play and chatter. The Mike that stepped into the box that day was a different Mike from the one that Mr. Bob had helped out of jail. Then he looked sullen, dissatisfied, and against everyone; now he was smiling, eager, confident. The first throw was a little wild. "Ball one," yelled the umpire. The next was squarely over the plate and the boy at bats hit it but the ball came straight towards Mike and he caught it. The next boy fanned. The third boy was up. There was not a sound from the crowd gathered

around the diamond. The first ball seemed to be going wide of the mark when suddenly it curved in and was squarely over the plate. "Strike one," sang the umpire. The next came so suddenly that the batter scarcely realized that it was coming until it whizzed past him. "Strike two." The next was a slow one but the boy hit it. Straight up it went. Would some one catch it? Sandy on second base saw it coming—coming towards him. Safe in his glove he grasped it and the game was over. Two to one in favor of the Playground.

After the Playground boys had given cheer after cheer for the Reds and they had returned it with hearty good will, Mr. Bob took each member of the team by the hand and said, "Boys, I'm proud of you, you're a credit to anyone."

The boys moved off the grounds, but Mr. Bob laid a detaining hand on Mike's shoulder. "Mike, I want you to meet Mr. Hadley, president of Yale."

"And this is Mike. This is the boy you have been writing about in every letter since you left college. Mike, I'm very glad to meet you. That was a great game today. When are you coming to pitch for Yale?"

"Didn't I hear you say you were going to school this fall, Mike, or did I only dream it?" said Mr. Bob.

"I guess you only dreamed it, Mr. Bob, but its going to come true. And, sir, I'm coming to Yale some day even if I have to start in the baby grade this fall to do it."

—Lois Fisher, '15 ½.



TO ONE ADMIRED

When you know you've lost out in the race you can't win,
And the crowd only smiles as you pass,
And your pegs both thump dead on the ground you can't see,
And you fall and can't rise,
Will you go on your knee?
Are you game, win or lose, to the last?

When your soul wants to whine,
And the gleam is near gone,
And you're fighting alone in the dark;
And your guts seem all gone,
And you know you're all in,
Can you fall with face up in a "go-to-Hell grin"—
make your friends think it's all just a lark?

When the things you'd have done—and you've tried—are but
dreams,
And the one that you love turns her head,
And you keep from your friends lest they learn that you're weak,
And they think that you're mad,
And they call you a freak;
When it's thus, will you do as I've said?

Will you just clap your eyes on ————?
Or her Sunday page portrait would serve.
For I'm sure just her likeness would send a guy smiling
Through Hades or worse, just on nerve.

—F. Hayes, '15.

THE DANCE OF THE FAIRIES

"Oh," said Nina, "I wish I could see a fairy, a real live fairy. Suddenly she heard a silvery voice say, "Well, here I am, look at me." She looked all around but could see nothing. Then, behold, there—under a blue bell was a real fairy with gauzy wings and a tiny honey-suckle trumpet in her hand.

Nina could hardly believe her eyes. "Where did you come from?" she said. "Oh, I was resting in the blue bell and when you spoke I came out." The fairy then blew upon her trumpet, and almost before Nina could get her breath there came fairies from every direction. Some were running, some skipping, and others flying.

They began to sing and this is what they sang:

"Hist, hist, be still
On tiptoe now advance
We've come to have a merry fairy dance
We'll form our circle here,
Stepping lightly for we fear
Other eyes may see our Fairy Queen by chance."

Nina had never before seen such a sight. They took hold of hands and danced round and round. Their little feet seemed hardly to touch the ground. When they finished, all made a bow to the fairy under the blue bell for she was "Queen of the Fairies."

"Now please go to flowers," said the Queen, "and bring nectar for our visitor." They hurried away and soon brought back a lily filled with the nectar and gave it to Nina. She drank the clear liquid which was sweet as honey and fragrant as the flowers.

"Thank you, fairies, for the nectar and the beautiful dance, and dear Fairy Queen, I thank you most of all," said Nina.

The Queen again blew on the trumpet and lo, not a fairy was to be seen. Nina rubbed her eyes. She looked everywhere. There were the trees and the bushes just as they had always been, and there was the pretty blue bell swaying lightly in the wind, but at her feet lay a beautiful white lily.

—Lulu Ellison, '16.



OUR NORMAL MATER

Happy days they were with thee, for us,
Dear old Alma Mater!
Days of working, learnin, seeking! Thus
Normal love grows greater.

Sweetest memories with us linger long
Of thee, our Alma Mater,
And when in care-free youth we told in song
Thy praise, lehrer-maker.

—Katherine Cropsey, '14.



WINTER
SCENES
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EXTRACTS FROM A SENIOR'S DIARY

September 8.—This is registration day at the Normal. Everybody is hanging around, blowing in time and wondering if he or she (principally the latter) will get the first or the tenth grade, just as if the fate of the training school depended upon where he or she is "put."

September 9.—I did my first Senior teaching this morning in the training school. The children are perfectly adorable.

I am still more convinced of the niceness of the bunch, the more I know of them. We organized our class today.

September 10.—I am so proud of ME, the way I have kept the diary up for three whole days. I am not popular at Mahan Hall for some unaccountable reason. I'd think folks had ought to realize (?) my worth by this time. Modern folks are so slow sometimes.

September 12.—For the first time since my arrival I slept blissfully thru' the service conducted by the rising bell. I like that not, so early in my career at the dorm.

September 14.—We met in a body for Monday assembly today and learned to our sorrow that we must be prompt, also that the Junior D's would meet Mr. Kooiken on Tuesdays and Thursdays. We had to unlearn that again tho', so that really did not count. Anyway I had the pleasure of seeing how I would look sitting in the Senior section.

September 23.—I shook a boy today and sprained my thumb. Good enough for me. Some of my "angels" are rapidly losing their wings.

October 6.—Yesterday morning in assembly Mr. Wilson and Miss Grupe talked on the present war and peace. We in the training school as well as those poor people in Europe look for peace only in the dictionary.

October 17.—Last night a crowd of us went to the M. E. church to a reception which turned out to be a miniature normal school in operation. However the teachers were not the kind that burn midnight oil making lesson plans. This morning we had received first hand information, that no matter how early we were up at night, we were expected to be up in time for toast.

October 18.—Today was a perfectly gorgeous day. The surrounding mountains are covered with snow, which makes it feel rather coolish down here in this burg of Ellen's. The trees are the most brilliant shades of yellow and green and are certainly a grand enough sight to stir up the aesthetic part of most anybody. Miss Hunt was saying today that the grasses are perfectly charming now; but grass is just grass to me until it gets to be hay.

October 27.—Miss Rankin gravely announced this morning that three "Human Bodies" were missing from the revolving shelf and then gave us a very interesting discussion on "The Library."

Chester Turner gave a speech yesterday on school activities, enumerating the causes of the lack of school spirit and suggesting remedies. A get-together meeting was suggested for tonight. The different classes were there in all their glories and certainly put the Seniors in the shade for spirit. Every time we tried to bring ourselves before the public those rude Juniors would drown us out. Everybody grand-marched with everyone else and had fun in general until time for study hour.

October 30.—Talk about ghosts with removable heads, dark tin can alleys, spring boards that spring, smells that smell, miniature geysers, dead men and taking curves not unlike the way the train goes thru the Bad Lands in South Dakota! We certainly experienced them last night at the Y. M. C. A.

November 3.—We had the pleasure of listening to two notables this week, Madam Scotney of the Lyceum Course and Mr. Kooiken, on the general condition of Mexico. Mr. Kooiken didn't sing his so we had

variety. You know we hear now of specialization, differentiation and co-ordination. That's what we got.

December 2.—First snow of season. Dr. Walker talked to us today on the care of the health by the student. It reminded me of the precaution that we got last year not to buy doughnuts, dill pickles and ice cream to eat in concert on the way home from town.

December 5.—We had pork, browned potatoes, jellied cranberries, cabbage and cream pie for dinner tonight. For breakfast we had our old friend that sticketh closer than a brother a whole lot—syrup, oranges and biscuits. For lunch we had bean soup—I think it was. At least it would have been if the beans had attended better; fried potatoes, hamburger and tomatoes and apricot sauce. Pretty good feeds for one day.

December 13.—It was certainly cold this day. The thermometer said fourteen below zero and I reckon from the feel of things, it told the truth all right enough. Pink stirred up courage enough today to go into the parlor to see a gentleman caller. She could no longer pile up books on chairs to peek thru the transom at the "hims" on account of the double shock she had when the "him" accidentally caught sight of her beaming face gazing down from above, and Pink didn't wait for an elevator but took the quickest way down which was gravity.

December 14.—Today a petition was circulated to see if we could influence the faculty to let us go home Friday instead of Wednesday. It was very popular and was heartily welcomed everywhere it went, even by the faculty.

December 15.—Just four more sleeps and we'll be home.

January 27.—Snow is still on the ground without the least symptom of its departing. The streets are so icy that you are never sure of whether you are going to stand perpendicular, horizontal or at right angles to yourself. The river is frozen over and the lights are out. With a candle and a match, tho, we make ourselves contented and wait for better days. My! but it is a relief to get F in teaching and be done with it.

February 9.—We observed Lincoln's birthday and Miss Davidson gave one of her excellent readings.

February 23.—Mr. Parmenter, one of the first of the training school force to appear on the platform talked to us this day. You can always depend upon Mr. Parmenter to say something worth listening to.

March 9.—The Ellensburg Musical Club gave us a treat today, for sure. Today I presided the Student Assembly and it is not a job to my liking. My complexion almost cremated while I anxiously waited for that awful forty minutes to be up. Mr. Morgan, bless his heart, came to my rescue and Claude Watkins spent a whole dime's worth of minutes telling why he wouldn't talk today.

March 17.—The top o' the mornin' to yez! Sure and I'm always a wearin' o' the green in me countenance.

Every kind of climate in the weather bureau drawers was turned loose on us today and we just naturally had to take it. Tonight tho we had green snerbet, when it was really tombstones' turn, so life wasn't so empty and hollow after all. Just think what we'd have missed if it hadn't been for Saint Patrick.

March 19.—Rumors of long art paper afloat in the air. About time to fasten my seal to this here diary, I'm thinking.

March 22.—Rumors realized, I'm off.

ALUMNI NOTES

The students of Washington State Normal School are always interested to hear from former students. This year we are especially indebted to Erma Gay '14½, Mr. Carlson '13, Olive Jenkins '14 and Katherine Cropsey '14 for their contributions to the *Kooltuo*. Most of those heard from are following the teaching profession.

CLASS '10: George Gwin, student at Pullman College; Ellen Luff (Mrs. Fred Hahn), Seattle.

CLASS '11: Alice Holgerson (Mrs. Baker), Tacoma; Katherine Macdonald, Tacoma; Jane Harris and Esther Nilsen, Central School, Ellensburg; Agnes Montgomery, Enumclaw; Sam Rugg, dentist, Ellensburg.

CLASS '12: Louis Crozier, Othello; Chester Robinson, dentist, Ellensburg; Eva Munsen (Mrs. Louis Kuhn), Zillah.

CLASS '13: Gladys Peairs, Tacoma; Minnie Kraus, class '15 at University of Washington; Ernest P. Carlson, Principal of Schools, Stanwood "And our poet and musician still thinks of us"; Minnie Noble, North Yakima; Goldie Hoffman, Parkland; Grace Brown and Clara Berg, Kennewick.

CLASS '13½: Elta Mayer, teaching in North Yakima; Sophia Fowler, teaching in North Yakima.

CLASS '14: Winifred Ball, teaching in Dupont; Blanche Abercrombie, teaching in Yelm; Grace Auld, teaching in Granger; Frank Baker, teaching in Dammam School, Ellensburg; Hilda Brunn, teaching in Orting; June Deming, teaching in Matlock; Addie Gardner, teaching at Sprague; Valma Grant, teaching at Thorp; Barbara Holland, teaching at Roslyn; Loretta Hinckley, teaching at Rochester; Olive Jenkins, teaching at Ellensburg; Rosanna Lyons, teaching at North Yakima; Selma Nelson, teaching at Buckley; Yuma Paulhamus, teaching at Sprague; Mary I. Stanyer, teaching in Sunnyside; Will (Bill) Tierney, teaching at Kalama; ora Tewes, teaching in Puyallup; Alma Wilson, teaching in Beverly; Edith Wilden, teaching in Tacoma; Edith Young, teaching in Toppenish; Edna Johnson, teaching at Satsop.

UPS AND DOWNS

Has your soul never risen at a tenor's sweet strain,
Till it beat against the top of your sky;
Till the dreams that you've dreamed
Drew so near that it seemed
You could win, and you would, or you'd die?
Have you ne'er ranged your sins in the broad light of day,
Sworn by all that is Holy and high
That you'd change and be good,
You'd do just what you should,—
So you've said, have you not?
So have I.
And some night when the gleam
Has been bright, you've felt mean,
For the hours that are spent and gone by;
And you've sharpened your tools,
And wrote down the stern rules,—
Set the 'larm clock at four,
So have I.
I don't want to question
Too closely the mention
Of which is to boast or to cry;
If we won,—we'll keep humble;
If we lost,—we'll try harder.
We'll both try again, you and I. —F. Hayes, '15.



Beryl Gwin (reading from Popular Mechanics): Here's a fellow who has patented a contrivance to keep girls from falling out of the hammock.

Roy Nash (disgustedly): Yes, more machinery for displacing men.

Margaret: Mr. Kooker has such an air of culture, hasn't he?"

Mabel: Yes, agri-culture.

Miss Sable (in music class): Mr. Baisinger, did it pain you to teach that rote song?

Mr. Baisinger: No-er, not seriously.

Man wants but little here below;
But when it comes to dress,
A walk downtown will quickly show
A woman wants much less.

Mr. Wilson: Roy, were you out after ten last night?

Roy: No, only after one.

Opal C.: Why do you suppose the dog howls when I sing?

Pilly D.: Oh, a dog cannot be expected to conceal its feelings, you know.

K. Stewart: Ella, you'll have to propose to the clock to redeem your forfeit.

Lucy Goble: She'll have to hold its hands then.

Student (in geography class): I've been everywhere.

Mr. Mehner: Have you been to Heaven?

Student: No, but I've been to every place of more than 5,000 population.

Myldred Burdick (looking through the microscope at a specimen largely made up of longitudinal muscles): Dr. Munson, I can't see the longitudinal muscles.

Dr. Munson: That's like Yankee Doodle who went to town and couldn't see the town for the houses.

Senior: I want some bird seed.

Freshman: Don't try to fool me. Birds grow from eggs, not seed.

First Girl: Which boy in school is a natural musician?

Second Girl: Mr. Base-singer (Baisinger) of course.

There was a young teacher named Kooker,
Who, because he was very good lookin',
Was loved by his classes;
But these worthy lasses
Said, "No use, he's already taken."

There is a man in our school,
And he is wondrous wise;
He wears his glasses down his nose
And not before his eyes.
And when the girls are bad, he says,
With all his might and main:
"Oh, young ladies should behave. I'll act
Instead of speak again."

Marion B. (to Harold T.): Was there any reindeer in England when you left?

Harold: No, dear, it was the dry season.

Table Etiquette—A fork can't spoon, but a napkin.

Mr. Mehner: What is ice?

Betty D.: Ice is water that has caught cold.

Miss Smith (telling what each is to bring to the picnic): Lemons.
Miss Hoover.

Class (all together): No! Let the teachers bring the lemons.

Dr. Munson: The first day I was in England I lost £12.

M. Adams: Great Caesar! Haven't they any health laws in England.

A Store That Can Be Depended Upon

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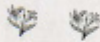
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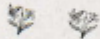
We respectfully invite women and children and aim to make the Colonial the family theatre of Ellensburg and no picture shall be shown on the screen that is not strictly up to date and passed by the General Board of Censorship.

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The Summer sessions for the coming Summer will be held as follows:

At Ellensburg—June 7 to July 30, 1915.

At Centralia—June 21 to July 30, 1915.

The courses offered are in the interest of:—

- (1) Students desiring Normal credits.
- (2) Those wishing preparation in special subjects.
- (3) Those desiring preparation for the teachers' examination.
- (4) Those desiring renewals of certificates.
- (5) Students that need fresh inspiration.

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